

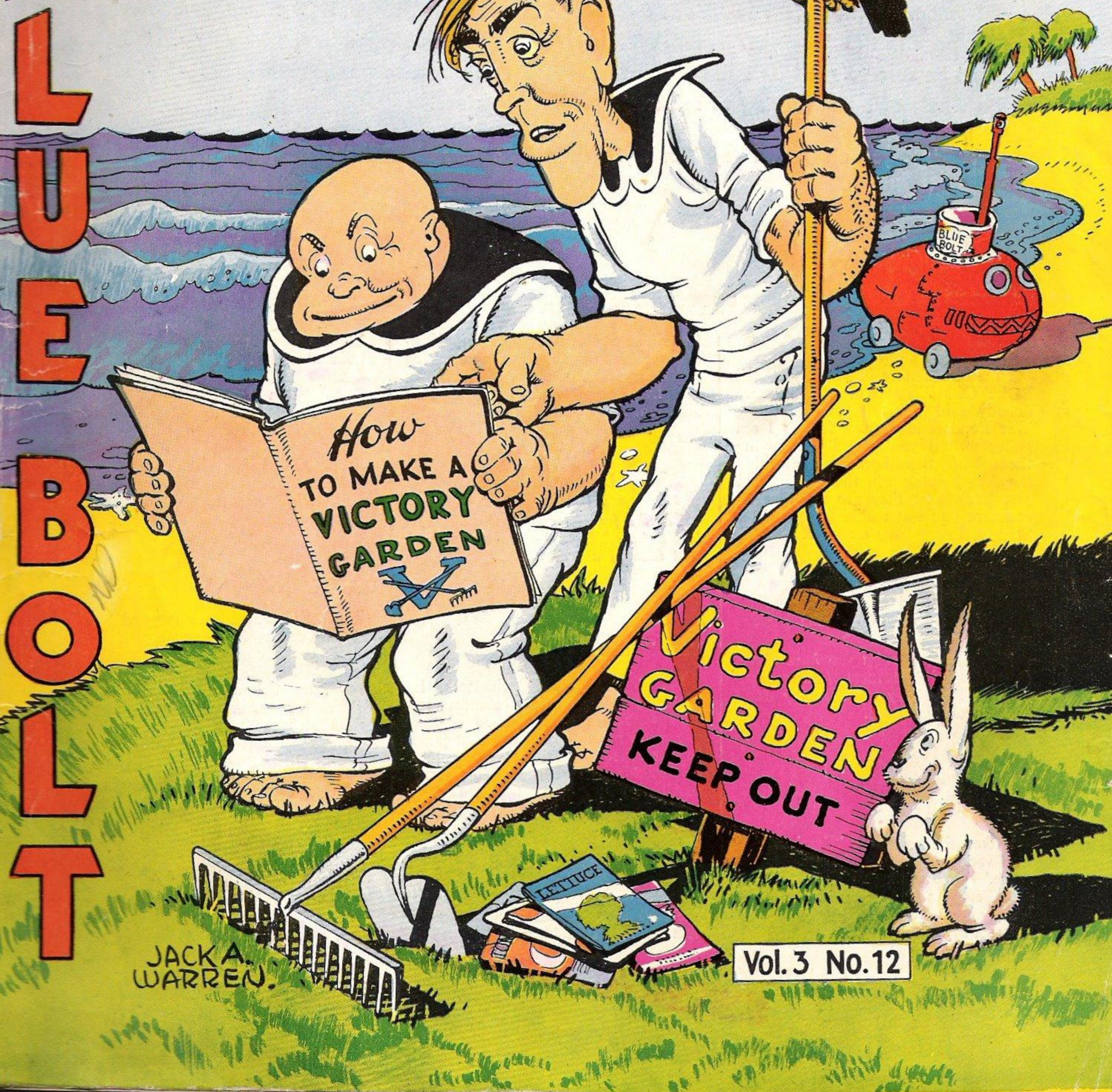
★ FEATURING
★ DICK COLE ★ EDISON BELL

May



BLUE BOLT

10c



JACK A.
WARREN

Vol. 3 No. 12



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

Here are some more letters from people who are buying those War Bonds and Stamps like fury. We hope that all of you made the purchase of War Stamps your New Year's resolution Number One, and we expect loads of letters to come piling in at breakneck speed outlining all sorts of wonderful suggestions for earning the money for these Bonds and Stamps.

And while you have pen in hand let's hear what some more of you readers think of the new feature "Fearless Fellers." Bill McAllister (see letter) seems to like it a lot. How about you?

Remember the PET PEEVE PETE CONTEST for TARGET COMICS that was advertised on this page in the December issue? Well, the prize list is published in the May issue of TARGET, so be sure to get that issue and scan the list. The response was so tremendous the judges had a whale of a time trying to select the 102 cash prizes.

Well, guys and gals, Keep 'Em Flying and let's hear all about it.

Cordially yours,

The Editors.

Dear Editors:

I read the letters in January BLUE BOLT COMICS and in all the letters nobody said what they were buying War Bonds and Stamps for, so I am going to tell you why I am buying them. I buy them because I know that they are helping win the War, and I also know that they are the best investment you can make. Next to War Stamps, I spend my money for BLUE BOLT COMICS.

Yours truly,
Deverl Crass
Norman, Oklahoma

That's a good point you have there, Deverl, and I guess most of our readers feel the same way even if they don't actually write it down

* * *

Dear Editors:

I liked the new story "Fearless Fellers" very much in the place of "Superhorse." I also think you should have a short story with pictures about the War and why we should all buy War Stamps. My favorite features are Dick

Cole, The Short Story, Old Cap Hawkins, Kirsco and Jasper, and Blue Bolts and Nuts. I have two War Bonds and five dollars worth of stamps in addition. Keep 'Em Rolling.

Yours truly,
Bill McAllister
Detroit, Michigan.

Thanks for the comment on "Fearless Fellers," Bill. We are working on that idea of a War Story.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I find BLUE BOLT the most interesting book on the stands, and always ask my dealer ahead of time to reserve me a copy of the next issue. In our school we collect scrap rubber and metals and when we are finished BLUE BOLT is the first thing we read, unless, of course, a lesson is in progress. My favorite feature is Dick Cole; his stories have improved a great deal since he made friends with Simba. I haven't missed an issue of your magazine and I don't intend to. We also sell War Stamps in school. Last term we sold \$2,500.00 worth and

and this term, so far, we have sold \$1,800.00 worth.

An ardent fan,
Louis Kane
New York, New York.

Your school is certainly doing a good job, Louis, and it is the help of fellows like you that "brings in the bacon."

* * *

Dear Editors:

Since the War I have stopped buying all comic books except BLUE BOLT so I could buy more War Stamps. I have read and enjoyed each issue from Volume 1, Number 1, to Volume 3, Number 9. My friends and I like all the stories except Edison Bell, and Old Cap Hawkin's Tales. We disagree with other readers about Superhorse and would like very much to have him remain.

Your reader,
Billy Franck,
Jackson, Miss.

We'd like to hear why you don't like Eddie Bell, Billy, because most readers like it so much.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

DICK COLE

WONDER

BOY

DICK COLE
AND SIMBA KARNO
FOLLOW A TRAIL OF
STOLEN SUGAR INTO
"THE HOLE". ONLY
TRUE PATRIOTISM
CAN GET THEM OUT
OF THE SITUATION
THAT RESULTS!



FROM THE FOUR CORNERS OF
AMERICA, A STRANGE EXODUS
TAKES PLACE—NEW ORLEANS...

TWO TICKETS
FOR "DE
HOLE"!

YEAH—ONE-WAY
TICKETS!
HAW—HAW!



THE BOWERY— MECCA OF "LOST SOULS"...

HOLD OF DIS PLACE CALLED "DE HOLE"? SOUNDS INTERESTIN'!

YEAH, WE KIN 'HOLE IN' FER DE DURATION! LE'S HOP A FREIGHT FROM JOISEY CITY.



CHICAGO— INSIDE THE CENTRAL FREIGHT YARDS, WHERE A SOUTH-BOUND FREIGHT IS PULLING OUT!

HERE SHE COMES, CHUM!

AN' HERE WE GO—HEADIN' FOR "DE HOLE"!



SAN FRANCISCO— A SIMILAR SCENE IS BEING ENACTED BY TWO MORE BURDENS ON SOCIETY...

S'LONG, FRISCO! YA WAZ NICE PICKIN'S WHILE YA LASTED!

YEAH BUT WE'LL HAVE NICER PICKIN'S AT "DE HOLE"!



MEANWHILE, IN THE MESS HALL OF FARR MILITARY ACADEMY...

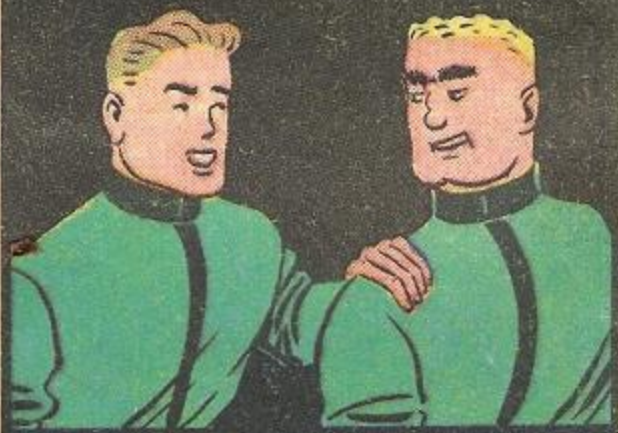
HEY, SIMBA! WHAT'S THE RUSH? GONNA START ON SECOND HELPINGS?

YOU'VE GOT TO EAT IF YOU WANT TO LIVE, DICK!



YES— BUT NOT THE WAY YOU GO AT IT!

WELL, I'VE GOT VITALITY! MAYBE THAT'S THE REASON! HEY! WHERE'S THE JAVA?



HERE YOU ARE, SIMBA!

POUR IT OUT, SON! POUR IT OUT!

WHY DON'T YOU JUST DRINK IT FROM THE POT, SIMBA?

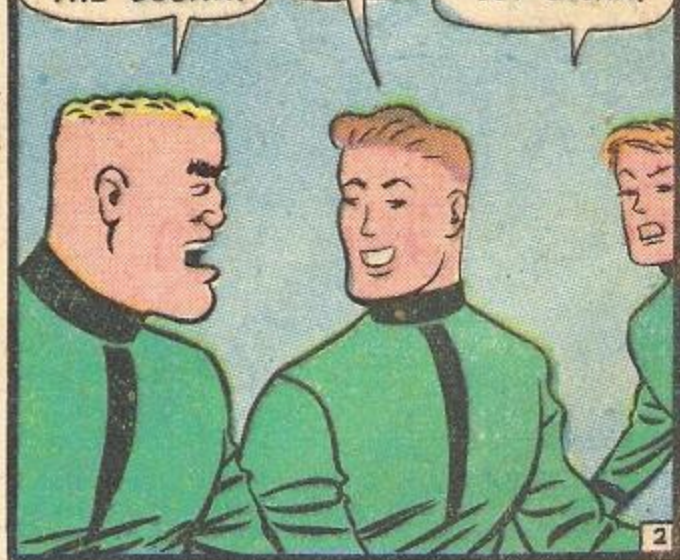
HAH-HAH! THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN!



HEY! WHERE TH' HECK DID YOU HIDE THE SUGAR?

THE CHEF SAYS, NO SUGAR!

HOW'RE WE GONNA DRINK COFFEE WITHOUT SUGAR?



HOLD THE TEMPER, LADS! SOME ONE STOLE OUR LAST TWO BAGS OF SUGAR LAST NIGHT!

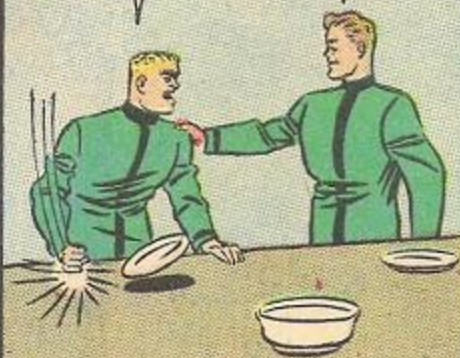


SUGAR THIEVES! AND SUGAR BEING RATIONED!

BREAKFAST IS OVER- BUT NOT THE BOYS' ANGER.

IF I EVER GET MY HANDS ON THOSE SUGAR THIEVES, I'LL

WHOA! WAIT'LL YOU CATCH THEM, FIRST!



SUPPOSE WE TRY TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY!

OKAY, SHERLOCK COLÉ... AFTER CLASSES



LATER...

CLASSES ARE OVER! C'MON, SLOW POKE! YOU'VE GOT A MYSTERY TO SOLVE!

ALL RIGHT, ANXIOUS. HOLD ON A BIT!



AT THE COMMISSARY...

YOU SAY THE BAGS OF SUGAR WERE RIGHT NEXT TO THE POTATO BIN BEFORE THEY WERE STOLEN?

YES! RIGHT ON THAT SPOT!



LOOK, SIMBA! CLUE NUMBER ONE! - A PIECE OF CLOTH SNAGGED ON THIS NAIL - CLOTH FROM A SUGAR BAG!

SO WHAT, ELLERY QUEEN?



SO A FINE TRAIL OF SUGAR SPILLED FROM A BAG LEADS TO THE DOOR!

NATURALLY!



DICK FOLLOWS THE TRAIL OF WHITE OUTSIDE AND...

SEE! THE SUGAR WAS CARRIED OUT AND PUT ON A SMALL WAGON YOU CAN SEE THE TIRE PRINTS IN THE WET GROUND!

YEAH. GOOD THING IT RAINED LAST NIGHT!





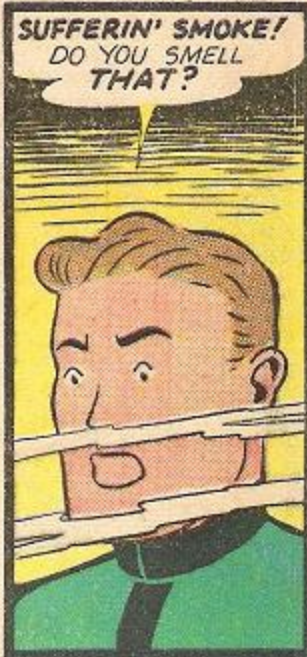
WHOEVER STOLE THE SUGAR TOOK IT UP THIS PATH LEADING TO THE BACK WOODS!

SAY! LOOK AT THAT UP AHEAD!



THE WAGON!

YES-ABANDONED! LOOKS LIKE IT BUCKLED UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THE LOAD IT CARRIED!



SUFFERIN' SMOKE! DO YOU SMELL THAT?



COFFEE!

YEAH- AND WHERE THERE'S COFFEE, THERE'S SUGAR... AND SUGAR THIEVES, TOO- MAYBE!



HOBOS!

I KNEW WE'D FIND THEM!



I'M GOING IN THERE AND PASTE THOSE SWEET-TOOTHS ON THEIR JAWS!

NO- WAIT! SOMETHING QUEER'S GOING ON HERE!



ONLY QUEER THING IS, WHAT ARE BINDLE-STIFFS DOING AROUND HERE?



HEY! HOLD ON, DICK! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LET THOSE CROOKS GET AWAY WITH OUR SUGAR, ARE YOU?

YOU AND I ARE GOING TO DO A LITTLE MASQUERADING! I DON'T LIKE THIS SET-UP. LOOKS TOO MUCH LIKE A HIDE-OUT!

BACK AT FARR, DICK TAKES SIMBA BACKSTAGE OF THE ACADEMY'S THEATER

OKAY, MASTER MIND! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO HERE?

DIG YOURSELF SOME OLD CLOTHES FROM THIS PROP BOX!



HEY! WE LOOK LIKE BUMS!

YOU'RE LEARNING FAST! THAT'S WHAT WE WANT TO LOOK LIKE!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE "HOLE", BIG JOHN-LEADER OF THE HOBOES—SPEAKS TO THE BAND.

YEZ C'N STAY HERE AS LONG AS YEZ REMEMBER THAT WHAT I SEZ, **GOES!**

SURE, BIG JOHN—YOU'RE DE BOSS!



JUST THEN—TWO MORE TRAMPS STEP INTO THE CLEARING!

HI, 'BOES!

MORE COMPANY!

HI-YA!



WELCOME TO DE "HOLE" BOYS! HOW'D YEZ FIND OUT ABOUT IT?

T'ROO DE GRAPEVINE. ALL DE BOYS IS MOVIN' TO DE HOLE!

YEAH.



YEZ LOOK OKAY. HELP YERSELVES TO SOME JAVA WIT' SUGAR!

YEAH—OUR SUGAR!



SO-YA CAME TO DE "HOLE" TO DODGE DE DRAFT, JIST LIKE DE REST OF US, EH? KINDA YOUNG, AIN'TCHA?

DRAFT-DODGERS?







JUST THEN, THE STRAINS OF THE NATIONAL ANTHEM RING THROUGH THE WOODS!

WOT'S DAT, CHIEF?

SOUNDS LIKE A GANG SINGIN' SUMPIN'!

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER! BUT YOU BUMS PROBABLY NEVER HEARD OF IT!

DICK PLANTS THE FLAG FIRMLY INTO THE GROUND BEFORE HIM AND TURNS TO THE BUGLER...

YES, SIR!

SOUND THE CHARGE, BUGLER!

INTO THE CLEARING MARCHES DICK COLE, AT THE HEAD OF A BODY OF FARR CADETS!

CRIPES! IT'S DE MARINES!

DICK! I KNEW YOU'D COME!

HOLY COW! THE ARMY!

THE BOYS ARE SPURRED FORWARD...

BLAST THE DRAFT DODGERS!

WE'LL SHOW 'EM THEY CAN'T BEAT THE DRAFT!

DOWN WITH THE SLACKERS!

HERE I COME, SIMBA!

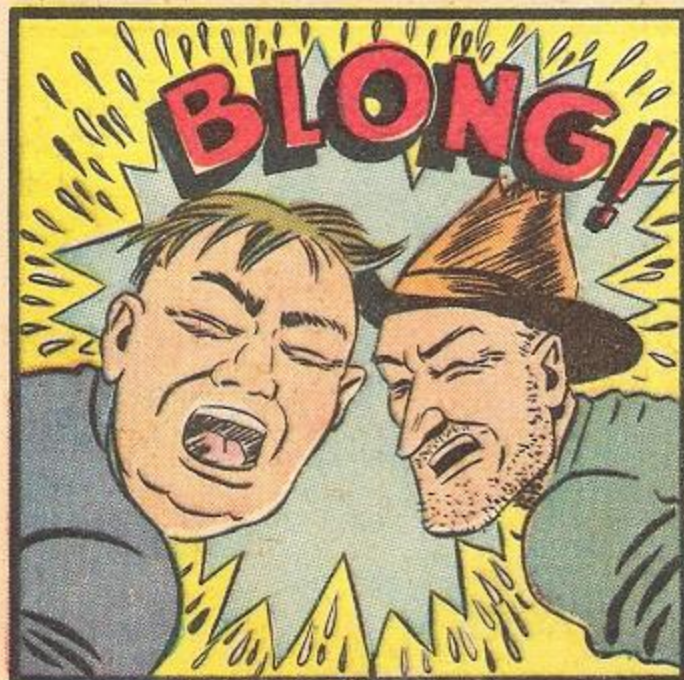
GOOD BOY, DICK!

DICK HASTENS TO SIMBA AND GOES TO WORK ON THE ROPES!

COME ON, GUY—GET ME LOOSE!

HAVE PATIENCE, TOOTS!





EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL, SIR! THE ENEMY HAS SURRENDERED!

GREAT! LINE THEM UP IN FORMATION!



KEEP IN FORMATION AND FOLLOW US!

WHERE YOU TAKING THEM, DICK?

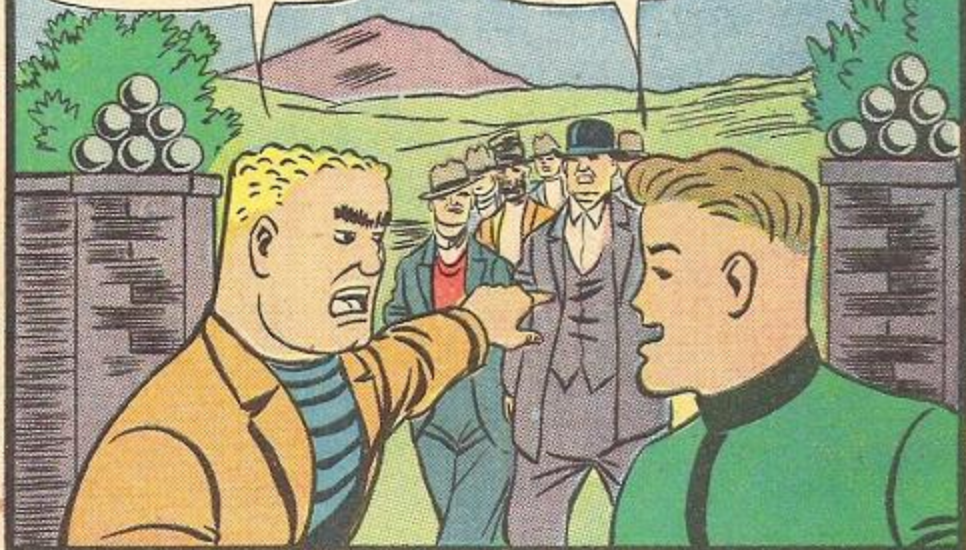


YOU'LL SEE! THEY BELONG IN JAIL - THE WHOLE ROTTEN LOT OF THEM!



HEY! YOU'RE BRINGING THESE TRAMPS RIGHT ON THE CAMPUS!

TO THE BUILDING AT THE LEFT!



WHAT'S THE IDEA? YOU'VE ORDERED THEM INTO FARR'S HALL OF HEROES!

SIMBA, I BELIEVE EVERYONE SHOULD HAVE A FAIR CHANCE TO REDEEM HIMSELF. THAT INCLUDES THESE MEN.



INSIDE, DICK MOVES TO A SMALL DAIS.

YOU PROBABLY ALL ARE WONDERING WHY WE BROUGHT YOU HERE, INSTEAD OF TAKING YOU TO THE JAIL.



TAKE A LOOK AROUND! OVER THERE'S A PICTURE OF LINCOLN. AND THERE, A BUST OF GRANT. IN THAT CORNER, A STATUE OF PERSHING.



...AND OVER THERE
ARE PICTURES OF
GENERAL MAC ARTHUR
AND COLIN KELLY.
I THINK **EVEN**
YOU KNOW THEM!



EVERY ONE OF THESE MEN HAVE
FOUGHT, AND ARE FIGHTING, FOR
THE INDEPENDENCE AND LIBERTY
YOU ARE NOW ABUSING. THEY WERE
LITTLE FELLOWS LIKE YOU AND I,
BUT WHAT THEY DID WAS
GREAT!



YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU—**ALL**
OF YOU! IT'S ASKING
YOU IF YOU ARE
MEN!

**AW, CUT
DE FLAG
WAVIN'!**



SHEDDUP, SQUOIT! DE KID'S
RIGHT! WE WERE ALL WRONG
FR'M DE START. IF ANYONE
PEEPS, I'LL KNOCK HIS
BRAINS OUT!

CHEEZ—!!
YER DE
BOSS,
BIG JOHN!



THEN GIT DIS! WE'RE
BOININ' DE "HOLE" AN'
I'M HEADIN' FOR DE
MARINES— IF DEY'LL
TAKE ME!

ME FOR
DE
NAVY!

I'M GOIN' BACK
AN' REGISTER
AT ME
DRAFT BOARD!



T'ANKS FER DE LECTURE,
KID. I'LL NEVER
FERGIT IT!— NOR
DEM PUNCHES
FROM YER
BUDDY!

YOU'RE
OKAY,
BIG JOHN!



LATER...

THERE GOES
THE "HOLE"!
LOOKS LIKE UNCLE SAM
IS GETTING A BIG
PROFIT ON OUR
SUGAR!



WE'D BETTER BE
GETTING BACK TO
OUR DORMITORIES,
DICK. WOULDN'T
WANT MAJOR FARR
TO LECTURE US
ABOUT KEEPING
LATE HOURS!

THERE ARE
MANY WAYS IN
WHICH TO SERVE
OUR COUNTRY.
NEITHER
DICK COLE
NOR **SIMBA**,
NOR ANY OF
THE **FARR BOYS**
ARE OLD ENOUGH
TO JOIN
THE SERVICE,
BUT
THEY ALL
REMEMBER
TO BUY
WAR BONDS
AND
STAMPS.

~...~

Sergeant Spook



ONCE AGAIN AN URGENT CALL FOR HELP COMES FROM GHOST TOWN AND LEADS **SERGEANT SPOOK** INTO THE MOST PECULIAR CASE OF HIS LIFE AS A **GHOST COP!** FOR, EVEN IN GHOST TOWN THERE ARE **PATRIOTS!**

KAPITAN E. JORDAN

WE FIND SERGEANT SPOOK VISITING HIS OLD FRIEND, DOCTOR SHERLOCK, IN GHOST TOWN.

IT'S BEEN SOME TIME SINCE WE LAST SAW YOU, SERGEANT

TRUE. I'VE BEEN HAVING SOME SWELL ADVENTURES WITH A PSYCHIC YOUNGSTER NAMED JERRY... A GREAT KID!



A RUDE INTERRUPTION!

BY THE HORNS, DOCTOR SHERLOCK... THIS IS THE LAST STRAW!

OH... IT'S YOU AGAIN, SANDY!





SUPPOSE I GO BACK WITH YOU TO PUT-IN-BAY... PERHAPS WE CAN IRON MATTERS OUT.

A SPLENDID SUGGESTION!

ALL RIGHT... I DOUBT IF YOU'LL BE ANY HELP, THOUGH.



THROUGH THE CHANNELS OF GHOST LANE, SERGEANT SPOOK AND THE SEAMAN ARRIVE AT THE BOTTOM OF PUT-IN-BAY.

THERE THEY LIE—THE AMERICAN FRIGATE 'LAWRENCE' AND THE BRITISH MAN-O-WAR, 'TEMPEST.'

LOOKS LIKE THE FIGHTING HAS STOPPED.



NATURALLY! HOW CAN WE FIGHT WITH DIVERS SWARMING ALL AROUND US?



LOOK! THE BRITISH ARE HAVING FUN AT OUR EXPENSE!

HO-HO! COME ON, AMERICAN SLOTHS... FIGHT! HO-HAW-HAH!



HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT TO STOP YOUR QUARREL? AFTER ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY YEARS OF BATTLE, THAT'S STRETCHING THINGS A BIT!

ER... NO... BESIDES, WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO?



PLENTY! CALL A TRUCE! I WANT TO SHOW BOTH SIDES SOMETHING THAT MAY OPEN THEIR EYES!

VERY WELL, BUT YOU'LL GET NOWHERE WITH THOSE THICK-SKULLED BRITONS.



A TRUCE IS CALLED AND ABOARD THE BRITISH SHIP...

WHAT IS IT YOU QUIVERING AMERICANS WANT?

SERGEANT SPOOK WANTS TO HAVE A WORD WITH YOU, CAPTAIN NELSON.



HAVE YOU EVER STOPPED TO THINK WHAT GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA ARE DOING TODAY?

WHY, YES... MY COUNTRY IS AT WAR WITH THE AXIS, ISN'T IT?



RIGHT! SO IS THE UNITED STATES. COME, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT OUR MORTAL ALLIES... YOU'LL BE VERY INTERESTED IN WHAT'S GOING ON!



AND, SO, SERGEANT SPOOK LEADS HIS CHARGES TO SHORE...

THIS IS THE CANADIAN SIDE OF LAKE ERIE.

I KNOW THAT!



LATER... AT THE MOUTH OF THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER-

LOOK! CANADIAN TRANSPORTS AND MERCHANTMEN BOUND FOR ENGLAND WITH AMERICAN DESTROYERS FOR ESCORT.

YOU MEAN THAT BRITISH AND AMERICAN SHIPS SAIL SIDE BY SIDE?



BETTER THAN THAT! SUPPOSE WE TAKE A QUICK HIKE TO TEXAS, IN THE UNITED STATES.



QUICKLY TRANSPORTED THROUGH GHOST CHANNELS, THEY ARRIVE IN TEXAS.

THIS IS AN AMERICAN PILOT TRAINING BASE...

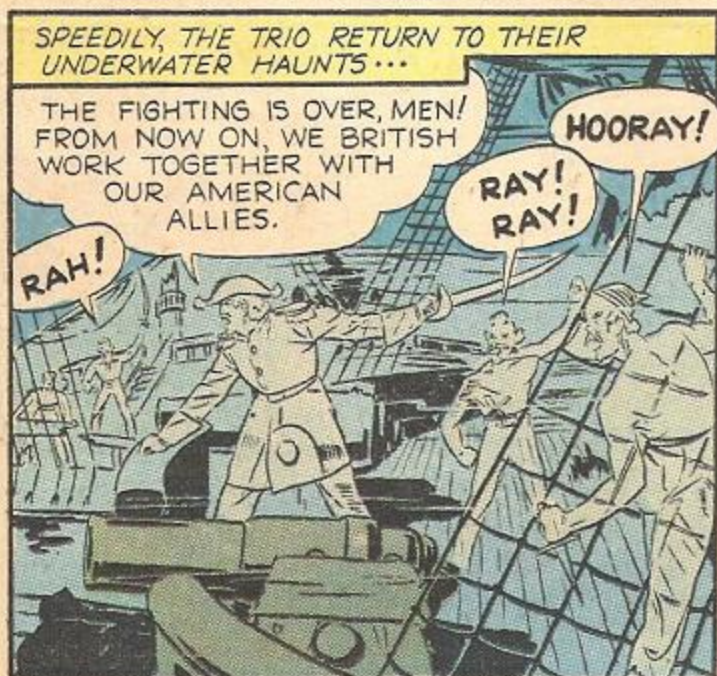
WHY, LOOK!... THOSE YOUNGSTERS THERE...



THEY'RE PILOTS BEING TRAINED FOR THE R.A.F.!

YES... ON AMERICAN SOIL!





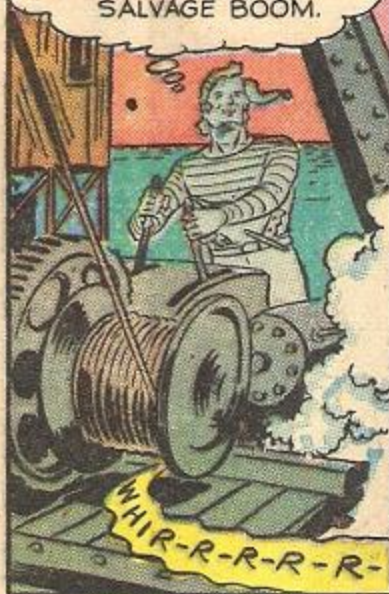
SUDDENLY, THE SALVAGE BARGE IS
BOARDED BY A HORDE OF GHOST
SAILORS...

YOU ALL KNOW YOUR
JOBS... NOW, GO
TO WORK!

AYE, AYE,
SIR!



NOW, LET'S SEE IF I
CAN OPERATE THE
SALVAGE BOOM.



HOLY HENFEATHERS!

LOOK AT THE
SALVAGE
BOOM!

JEES!

IT'S GOING
OVERSIDE AND
NO ONE'S OPER-
ATING IT!



GADS! THE DURN
THING IS GOING INTO
THE WATER!

LOWER AWAY,
SANDY!



THIS BARGE'S
HAUNTED!

YOU AIN'T
KIDDING,
PAL!

TOO BAD
THEY CAN'T
SEE WHAT WE'RE
DOING!



MINUTES LATER...

HOLY GEE!
LOOK! SHE'S
COMING UP!

THERE'S
SOMETHING
ATTACHED TO
THE CABLE!



DROP 'ER
EASY!

A CANNON!

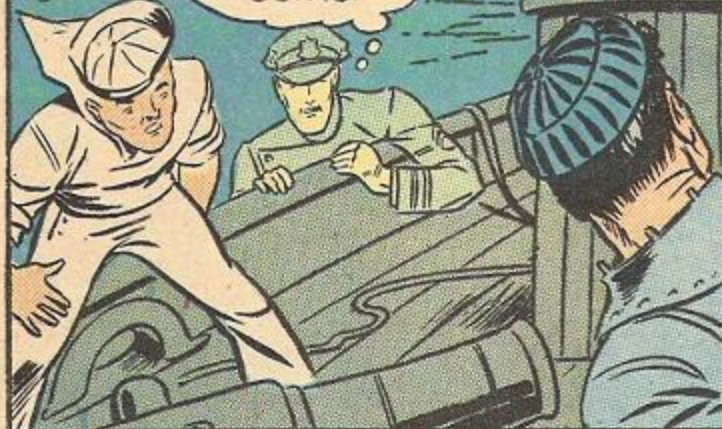
JUMPIN'
JEHOSOPHAT!
GHOSTS!



MY GOSH! SOMETHING
UNTIED THAT CANNON!

AND THE BOOM'S
GONE OVERSIDE
AGAIN— WHAT
IS THIS?

HAH! I'D
BETTER GO BELOW
AND SEE HOW
THINGS ARE
GOING.



ON THE BOTTOM...

HOW GOES IT,
CAPTAIN NELSON?

OH... IT'S YOU,
SERGEANT! EVERY-
THING IS FINE.



SEE THAT PILE OF STUFF THERE?
ALL THAT GOES ABOVE— COPPER,
BRASS, IRON... AND THERE'S PLENTY
MORE. THE MEN ARE SCOURING
THE WHOLE LAKE BED FOR SCRAP!

SWELL!



MEANWHILE, ABOVE...

OH, WOE! LOOKIT ALL
THAT SCRAP PILING
UP... WHAT'LL I TELL
MY SUPERIORS WHEN
THEY ASK ME HOW
WE MANAGED TO DIG
IT UP SO QUICK?
OH, WOE!



PHEW!

PERHAPS I'D
BETTER TELL HIM
WHAT IT'S ALL
ABOUT.



**SERGEANT SPOOK GENTLY TAPS THE SAILOR'S
BACK...**

YEOW!
WHO TOUCHED
ME?

HMM... PERHAPS
I'D BETTER WRITE
MY MESSAGE!



**SPOOK PENCILS OUT A NOTE BUT THE SAILOR
IS EVEN MORE ASTONISHED!**

YIPES! THAT
PENCIL IS WRITING
A MESSAGE—
OHOOHHH!





HEY, DAVE! LOOK!
COME A-RUNNING!

WHAT IN
SAM HILL IS
BOTHERING
YOU?

A GHOST
MESSAGE!

WE, THE PATRIOTS
OF 1812 AND SERGEANT
SPOOK CONTRIBUTE
THIS SMALL PILE OF
SCRAP FROM THE BED
OF LAKE ERIE SO IT
IN TURN WILL BE
USED AGAINST
OUR COMMON ENEMY...
SERGEANT
SPOOK



WHAT DOES HE MEAN--
"SMALL PILE"? JUST
LOOKIT THAT ARSENAL?

BOY!
THERE'S
ENOUGH
METAL THERE
TO BUILD A
CRUISER!



GUESS WE'LL BE
GETTING BACK. OUR
JOB IS FINISHED.

AYE, AND A
LOVELY PILE OF
SCRAP IT IS!

WELL
DONE, LADS!



I'M BEGINNING TO SEE
WHAT YOU MEANT BY
"STICKING TOGETHER,"
SERGEANT.

YES... TWO GREAT
NATIONS- AMERICA
AND BRITAIN--
INVINCIBLE!



PROUDLY AND SINCERELY THE TWO
MEN SALUTE THEIR RESPECTIVE
COLORS!

I GUESS WE'LL HAVE
PEACE AND QUIET NOW.
BETTER GET BACK TO
GHOST TOWN.



SPOOK RETURNS TO DOCTOR
SHERLOCK'S HOME...

HOW DID YOU
MAKE OUT,
SERGEANT?

YOU MAY NOT
BELIEVE IT,
BUT THE WAR
OF 1812 HAS
FINALLY COME TO
A PEACEFUL END!
HA-HA!

IT'S THE UNITED
NATIONS NOW --
AND FOREVER!
KEEP FAITH WITH
YOUR COUNTRY
AND YOUR ALLIES

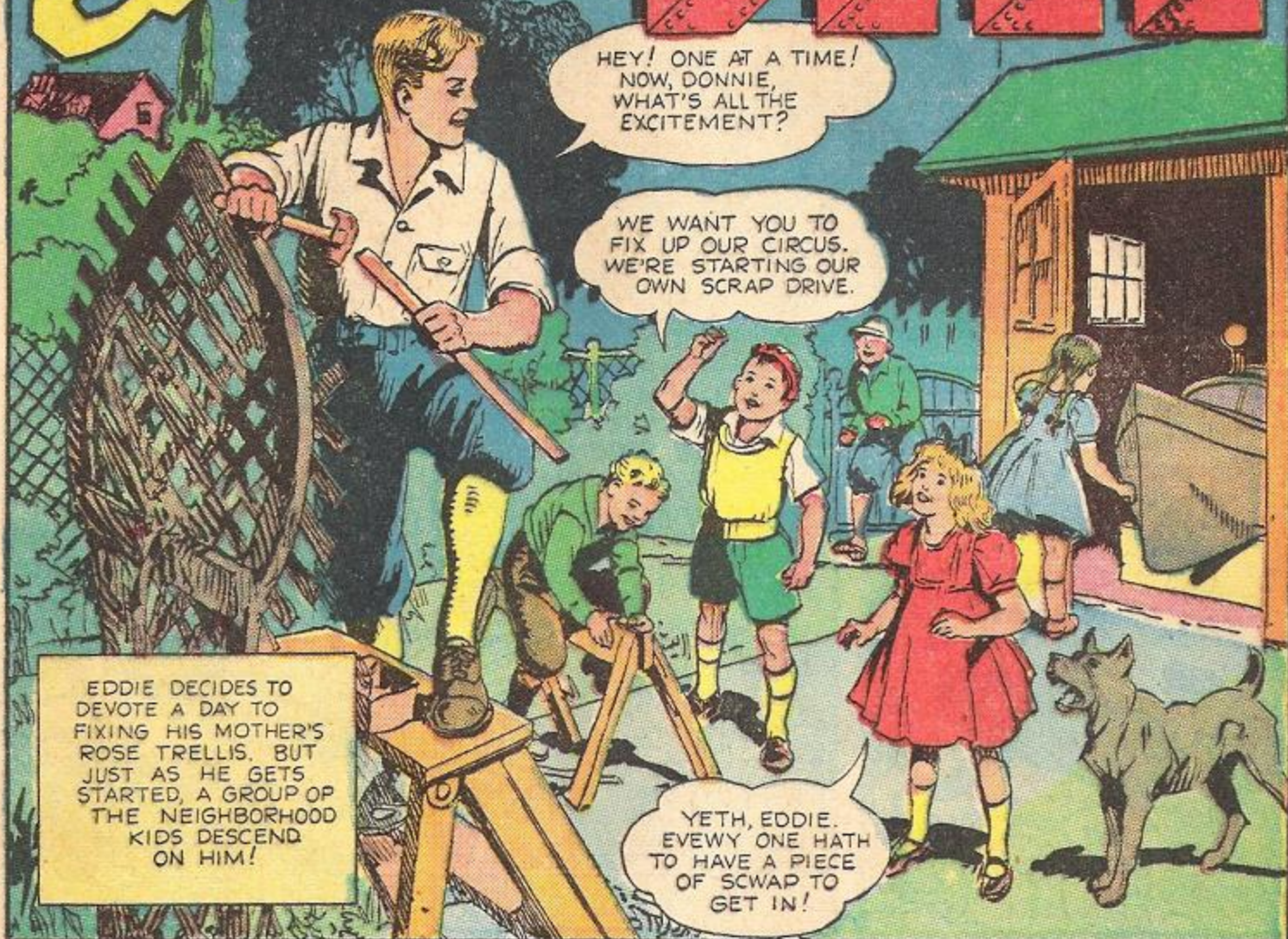
...
KEEP BUYING
WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS

SERGEANT SPOOK
WILL BE BACK
IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
**BLUE
BOLT**



Edison

BELL



THE KIDS HEAD FOR THE "CIRCUS GROUNDS".

LOOK AT ME!
I'M DRIVING A
CHARIOT!

OH, WOOK!
THERE'S THAT
NASTY WED
SMITH!

WHATCHA GOT
THERE—A FLEA
CIRCUS?

GO 'WAY, RED!
WE DON'T WANT
ANY TROUBLE!

OH!
TOUGH GUY,
EH?

SURE! I'LL
LET YOU ALONE!
HA-HA!

YOU BIG
BULLY! GET
HIM, GANG!

YOU
BET!

HA-HA! YOU
KIDS COULDN'T
HIT THE SIDE OF
A BARN!

RED CIRCLES AROUND BEHIND,
AND THEN...

COME ON! DON'T
PAY ANY ATTENTION
TO HIM!

THIS IS
GONNA BE
FUNNY!

FFFTZ
YEOWR

SIC 'IM!
GO ON—SIC 'IM!

OOPS!

ROWF

YIPE

GRR

FFFTZ

HOWEVER, THE FRIGHTENED TOM-
CAT CLIMBS THE NEAREST
OBJECT... RED!

OH, WOOK!

MEOWR

MEOWR

MEOWR

YOW!

LET'S GO, KIDS! GUESS
HE WON'T FEEL LIKE
INTERFERING FOR
AWHILE!

MEOWR

A FEW HOURS LATER...

WELL, YOU KIDS CERTAINLY HAVE SOMETHING HERE! LOOKS LIKE THE REAL THING.

HI, EDDIE!

SEE! HERE ARE THE ANIMALS, DON'T GET TOO CLOSE!

MENAGERIE SIDE SHOW! IT'S OKAY!

AND HERE ARE THE BOXES TO HOLD THE ADMISSION SCRAP.

WHY, YOU'RE ALL SET UP! WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP?

THROW SCRAP HERE

WELL, YOU TELL HIM, JOANIE.

WE'VE GOT EVERYTHING BUT AN EWEFANT! WOULD YOU MAKE ONE FOW US, PWEASE, EDDIE!

AN ELEPHANT, HMM? GET ME A BIG BARREL, TWO PAIRS OF LONG PANTS, AND A BIG BEACH BALL.

HEY- LET ME GET THAT DOWN- OKAY!

THE KIDS RACE AROUND TO FIND THE REQUIRED ARTICLES AND, IN A VERY SHORT TIME, EDDIE HAS THE ELEPHANT.

CAN YOU KIDS BREATHE ALL RIGHT IN THERE?

SURE!

FINE!

GEE! IT WOOKS WIKE A WEAL BABY EWEFANT!

SUDDENLY, THERE IS AN UNWELCOME INTRUSION...

YOU KIDS ARE NUTS! IT LOOKS JUST LIKE AN OLD BARREL TO ME!



BRIGHT AND EARLY THE
NEXT MORNING...

LOOK AT THE
CLOWNS!
HA! HA!

SCRAP
DRIVE
CIRCUS!

SCRAP
LETS YOU
IN.

A PIECE OF SCRAP
SO
UNCLE SAM CAN
WIN A SCRAP!

COME
TO THE
CIRCUS!

CHIN UP!
CHEST OUT,
DONNIE!

NICE
JOB,
KIDS!

THE PARADE WENDS ITS WAY
TO THE CIRCUS GROUNDS.

THE SHOW GOES
ON IN A FEW
MINUTES,
FOLKS!

ADMITTANCE
ONE PIECE
OF SCRAP

EDDIE!
HEY, EDDIE!
COME QUICK!

WHAT'S
UP?

SOME ONE TRIED TO
WRECK THE PLACE - LOOKS
AS IF HE WAS SCARED OFF.

(SNIFF-SNIFF) I THINK I
KNOW WHAT SCARED THE
CULPRIT TOO - C'MON!

THE SHOW CAN
WAIT A FEW
MINUTES.

ARE YOU SURE
WE'RE GOING
RIGHT, EDDIE?

YUP! THE
TRAIL GETS
STRONGER
BY THE
SECOND!

THEY REACH AN EMPTY LOT
AT THE END OF AN ALLEY.

THERE'S YOUR
ANSWER!
HA! HA! HA!

WOW!
HO! HO!

RED TRIED TO TAKE REVENGE BUT...



RED STARTED AT THE WRONG CAGE!



EDISON BELL'S

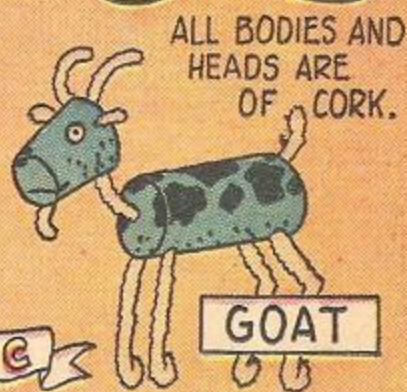
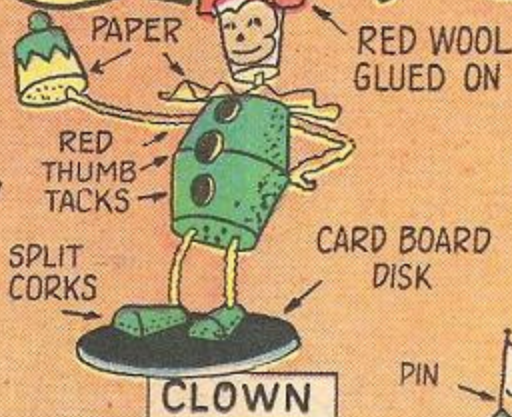
By Ray Gill

TABLE-TOP

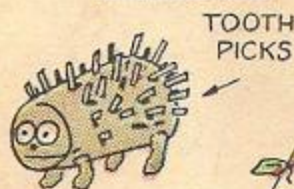
CIRCUS

A BUNCH OF CORKS, ODD SIZES. SOME FUZZY PIPE CLEANERS, A FEW BOTTLES OF POSTER COLORS AND A BRUSH ARE ALL YOU NEED TO OUTFIT YOUR TABLE TOP CIRCUS!

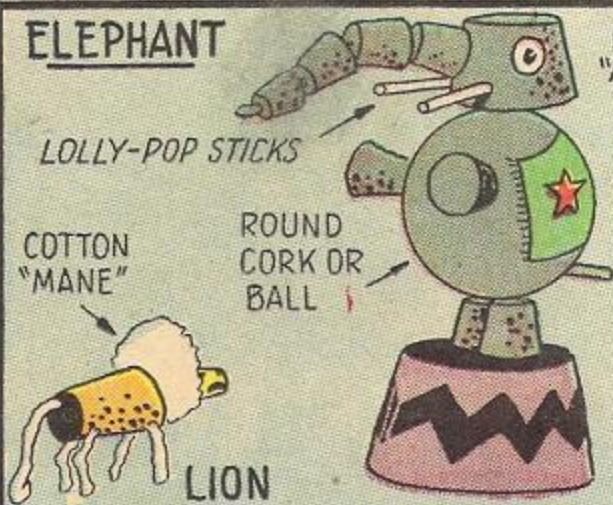
... LETS GO!



PORCUPINE



ELEPHANT



FEET BENT UP TO HOLD
ANOTHER FIGURE BELOW.

THE "BIG TOP" SHOWN
ABOVE, FOR OUR PURPOSE
IS A SHEET OF CLOTH
SUSPENDED OVER A FEW
WOOD DOWELS. IT IS NOT
NECESSARY TO PUNCH HOLES
IN OR TEAR CLOTH, THE
THREE RINGS ARE EMBROIDERY
HOOPS... BORROWED. FLAG AT
TOP HAS LONG HAT PIN FOR
MAST... MAKING BUT A SMALL HOLE.

OLD

CAP HAWKIN'S TRUE TALES



YES, JOEY, TODAY THE UNITED STATES ARMY IS FIGHTING A GREAT BATTLE ON MANY FRONTS. BUT THE MOST INTREPID SOLDIERS OF THEM ALL ARE THE "SPIDER-HOLE" MEN. THEIR MOTTO IS AN INVITATION TO THE ENEMY, "WON'T YOU COME INTO MY PARLOR?"



FOR INSTANCE, A COMPANY OF JAPANESE SOLDIERS ADVANCED ON THE HARD-HIT AMERICAN TROOPS DURING THE SIEGE OF THE PHILLIPINES...



AS THE JAPS MOVED FORWARD, INNOCENT-APPEARING MOUNDS OF EARTH WERE THROWN UPWARD AND THE SPIDER MEN SEEMED TO RISE FROM THE EARTH TO THROW A WITHERING FIRE INTO THE REAR OF THE ENEMY LINES...



THE "SPIDER HOLE MEN" LASHED OUT BEHIND ENEMY LINES AND CREATED CONFUSION, TO SAY NOTHING OF THE DAMAGE THEY ACCOMPLISHED.



THIS METHOD OF WARFARE, ORIGINATED IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR WHEN ADVANCE MEANT CERTAIN DEATH TO THE ATTACKING FORCES...



DUE MAINLY TO THE ADVENT OF LONG-RANGE, HEAVY ARTILLERY,...



AND, THE INTRODUCTION AND USE OF THE MACHINE GUN.



THE IMMEDIATE ANSWER TO THESE NEW WEAPONS WAS THE TRENCH... A LONG DEEP CULVERT THAT AFFORDED THE MAXIMUM PROTECTION TO BOTH THE DEFENDING AND ATTACKING FORCES.



HOWEVER, THIS METHOD OF FIGHTING BROUGHT ABOUT A STALEMATE WHICH THREATENED TO PROLONG THE WAR INDEFINITELY.



UNTIL, THE "IRON JUGGERNAUTS" MADE THEIR APPEARANCE ON THE BATTLEFIELD.



TANKS AND PLANES CONTRIBUTED TO MAKING THE TRENCHES AS HAZARDOUS AS OPEN FIELDS.



IN THE PRESENT WAR, THE "BLITZKRIEG" DID AWAY WITH OLD-STYLE TRENCHES ALMOST ENTIRELY. FORTIFICATIONS NOW CONSIST OF A SERIES OF "PILL-BOXES" AND GUN EMPLACEMENTS RINGED BY MINES TO FORM MINIATURE FORTRESSES.



BUT, THE INFANTRY IS STILL THE "SOUL" OF THE ARMY AND THE MEN FROM THE RANKS MUST FIGHT A WAR OF INFILTRATION... THEY ARE THE "SPIDER HOLE MEN".

EACH MAN KNOWS WHAT HE IS TO DO, LET'S GO!



A GROUP OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS MAKES ITS WAY WITH FULL EQUIPMENT

THE ENEMY LINES! SCATTER AS SOON AS WE'RE THROUGH!



SINGLY OR IN COUPLES, THE DOUGHBOYS FIND A SUITABLE SPOT AND DIG HOLES JUST LARGE ENOUGH TO ADMIT THEM.



THEY FASHION A TRAP DOOR TO FIT OVER THE HOLE AND CAMOUFLAGE IT TO COMPLETE THE CONCEALMENT.



WHEN THE ENEMY MOVES SUPPLIES AND REINFORCEMENTS UP TO THEIR LINES... OVER THE "SPIDER HOLES"...



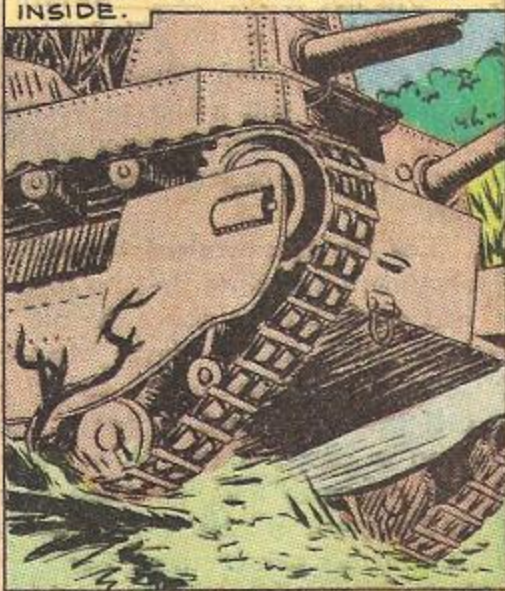
ONCE PAST, THE TRAP DOOR IS FLUNG UP BEHIND THEM AND...



EVEN THE DEADLY TANKS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE "SPIDER HOLE" MEN.



FOR, THESE RUMBLING GIANTS PASS RIGHT OVER WITHOUT DOING ANY HARM TO THE MEN INSIDE.



AND, AS THEY ROLL OVER THE TRAPS, THE DOOR IS THROWN OFF...



WITHIN A FEW SECONDS, THE TANK IS A FIERY MASS OF METAL... DESTROYED.



GEE! WITH FIGHTING SPIRIT LIKE THAT, WE CAN'T LOSE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, JOEY. AND, IF ALL AMERICANS GRABBED SOME OF THAT SAME SPIRIT FROM THE BOYS AT THE FRONT, THEY'D REMEMBER TO KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS.



HARD LUCK LADY

THE SEA was running high and the spume was like fine needles against the skin, Les discovered by sticking his head out the wheelhouse door. He didn't like the storm, but he was not as much afraid of it as of the "old lady." He thought uneasily about her, his feet braced wide apart against her bucking deck. Herby Dwight, Seaman 1st Class, entered the wheelhouse.

"Looks like we're in for some rough riding," Herby cocking an experienced eye in Les's direction, went on to observe, "what's the trouble? You look green around the gills!"

Les hesitated, asked warily, "You don't know the old lady, do you?"

"The old lady?"

Les nodded. "The boat we're on right now! Guess you're not from around the sound."

Herby Dwight shook his head, grey eyes shifting with a touch of uneasiness as he looked about him, almost as if seeing the inside of the cabin for the first time.

Les realized it was like tattling to tell on the old lady. . . .

"No one else knows her either," he finally admitted. "She's unlucky, a sort of jinx! She's been used for everything from rum-running to whale fishing. She ran aground once, caught fire another time, and once the Coast Guard machine-gunned her. Now . . . she's in the Coast Guard!"

Herby Dwight laughed but

the sound held a touch of uneasiness. A comber smashed against the side of the long grey boat and the wheel bucked in Les Gardner's strong hands.

"Anyone else on board know her?" Herby wanted to know. "I mean, anyone who might get leery. . . ."

"I'm not leery," Les retorted. "Or green around the gills."

Herby chuckled. "Okay, okay. I can't call you a liar to your face. You're my superior officer. I'm supposed to say sir, Sir!"

Les Gardner worked his stiff shoulders, recalling that no one had cared a hang about the old lady back in the days when she'd led a civilian life . . . they'd call her a criminal, a jinx . . . even a pickle-boat! Now she was reformed and Les tried to find a spark of gratitude within him for her achievement. Somehow that spark was lacking and no amount of trying would awaken it. Not even the fact that the old lady, the 107 now, to be more exact, was really giving till it hurt!

Herby Dwight said, "Shucks, worse jobs than this one are doing duty today—"

"We're in coastal waters all right," Les interrupted. "But we're a long way from the coast. If anything happened—"

"If anything happens to any boat this far out, it's just too bad!" Herby buttoned up and went out into the racing wind and spray. The door of the

wheelhouse slammed shut and Les remembered that the old lady had been called unlucky among other things, the other things however being best left unsaid. Now, in the Coast Guard himself, it had been his luck to ship on the old lady. She'd led a mere troubled life at times, a turbulent one at others. Could she really stand the gaff of going straight?

Thin, gaunt Captain Marks entered then to say that they were altering their course. "We've just received word of a freighter in trouble," he explained curtly. "Blown cylinder head, can't make repairs. They're easy prey for a sub. Call the engine room for full speed!"

Les Gardner tried not to think any more about the old lady's personal history. Briefly he considered the advisability of speaking to Captain Marks, warning him that the 107 had had a strenuous life, that any over-exertion might rupture her arteries. Perhaps there were other ships in the vicinity, better able to go to the aid of a heavy freighter floundering awkwardly in a heavy sea.

But Captain Marks' face was set and hard and Les decided to keep his mouth shut.

THE 107 stuck her nose in to the worst of it, ploughing ahead at full speed. The sea pounded and smashed and pushed the struggling boat under. The wind ripped and screamed about her superstructure. Men clung to icy posts, life belts on, hands clinging to sodden life lines. It was late in the day and rain began to lash them. All hands were ordered to duty.

The freighter was wallowing dangerously in the trough of the waves. Les clung to the rigging of the bridge, megaphone in hand to get the 107 into position. The Skipper was at the

wheel and Les caught a glimpse of his face through the window, stern and hard and unrelenting.

Les ducked inside. Captain Marks said, "We'll shoot a line on board—"

"You're not taking her in tow!" The protest came out in a yelp of surprise from Les. "Why, this old tub—"

"We'll shoot a line aboard," the Skipper repeated. "And take her in tow! There are injured men on board, the chief engineer and second mate. Nothing we can do about them, except get them to port. We can and will do that!"

"Aren't there other ships in this vicinity?" Les asked uneasily. "To undertake such a task with a boat this size and power—"

Captain Marks glared. "I said we're shooting a line to her! Be sure everyone is at his station!"

It was then that the sub launched a torpedo. It struck the freighter aft. Les saw the sheet of water flung up into the air while the explosion seemed to stagger the old lady.

The Skipper bellowed, "Order the men to their battle stations!"

He signaled the engine room for full speed and keeping his piercing eyes fixed on a point almost due north, he spun the wheel swiftly, pulling the old lady around on her tail.

Les tore outside. There was a crew at the deck gun, others at the depth charge rack—

"Ready with the depth charges!"

Les spun, heaving himself forward, megaphone in hand. Yelling into the wind was like yelling against a brick wall but he saw from their actions that the men knew what was wanted...

THE DEPTH charge went off with a wallop that shot a grey geyser high into the air. The second explosion lifted

a tower of water majestically like a huge, drunken giant tumbling forward onto its face. Again a charge roared off—

The old lady came around again and Les saw the sub surface off to their left, saw men scrambling to the deck gun!

The 107's five inchers went off with a bellow. Smoke mushroomed into the lashing wind. The shell struck beyond the sub and to the left, and a moment later the under-water raider let go with her own deck piece. The shell struck the old lady forward, went off with a shattering roar that ripped a hunk of deck metal wide open. Again the old lady's gun bellowed back, and again the shell cleared the target. . . .

The sub fired and simultaneously Les was aware of the roaring explosion almost under his nose. He felt a sickening sensation as he saw figures sprawling in the air, bodies of men. He caught at the railing, gripping it hard with both hands to keep from falling.

It had been a square hit! The forward gun was useless, her crew blown to blazes! The old lady's position was serious, even perilous. For now they were practically unarmed—

The stern voice of the skipper reached out to Les through the raging storm.

"Full speed ahead!" the skipper roared. And again, a moment later, stern, unrelenting, "Stand by to ram!"

THE OLD LADY came around in a circle. Les gripped the railing, watching the sub. Her conning tower was square in their path. He saw the deck gun blast, men working frantically at its breech. . . .

"Stand by. . . ."

The old lady bore down, her

nose flinging waves aside, shaking herself it almost seemed for the final moment of crushing victory. The conning tower loomed directly ahead. The old lady struck with a grinding roar and a wild buck that lifted her high out of the water and thrust the grey conning tower over and under!

The 107 slid over and wheeled gloriously. But the sub was done for. Les saw the terrible gash across her tower, saw men trying to crawl out. A wave crashed down, and a moment later she let go with an explosion that ripped her hull wide open. A second later she slid under!

The old lady ploughed doggedly ahead. Les clung to the wheel, his fingers stiff and aching but alive to a strange inner warmth that seemed to be transmitted from the spokes of the wheel itself.

He turned to stare out the back window to the freighter now hitched to a taut towline and obediently behind them. The torpedo had let go too near the stern to do any real damage . . . the bulkheads would keep her afloat.

Herby Dwight came in, his face etched with deep lines, his eyes tired. For a moment he stared out the window. The grey breast of the ocean heaved restlessly, tossing white caps. Herby said, "You called this boat a jinx, didn't you? Boy, after what happened today—"

"I know," Les nodded. "They called her the pickle-boat, too! It's too bad the guy who christened her that couldn't know what just happened!"

"She's still got a job on her hands—"

"Yeah," Les murmured, his fingers growing warm on the spokes of the wheel. "She'll make it. The old lady's made of good stuff!"

The End

BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN

RETALIATION IS THE PASSWORD IN THIS, THE MOST SPECTACULAR ADVENTURE OF BLUE BOLT'S CAREER... WHEN HE PROVES THAT ONE SOLID AMERICAN IS WORTH HIS WEIGHT IN DIAMONDS TOKYO... BEWARE, BLUE BOLT IS COMING!



DAN BARRY

SHANG-RI-LA... A PLACE THE JAPS WOULD LIKE TO FIND.



ALL RIGHT, BLUE BOLT, YOU HAVE YOUR SECRET ORDERS. EVERYTHING IS READY! GOOD LUCK!

THANK YOU, SIR. WE WILL SUCCEED!

THE SLEEK BOMBERS TAKE OFF WITH BLUE BOLT IN COMMAND.



COURSE, NORTH BY NORTHWEST! FINAL DESTINATION WILL BE GIVEN LATER.

YES, SIR!

THE HALF-WAY MARK.



WELL, BOYS, HERE'S THE DOPE... THE TARGET IS TOKYO! HOW DOES THAT STRIKE YOU?

YIPPEE! WE'RE OFF TO NIP THE NIPPIS.

THE DARING
FLIGHT OF
BOMBERS
REACH THEIR
TARGET—
TOKYO!

THERE SHE
IS!

BOMB BAY DOORS OPEN, SIGHTS ARE
ADJUSTED...

BOMBS AWAY!
THERE'S A GOOD
DOSE OF PEARL
HARBOR!

THE JAP PLANES ATTACK
LIKE A SWARM OF BUZZING
MOSQUITOES!

THIS'LL INTERRUPT
PRODUCTION OF THE
KOYOTO STEEL MILLS
FOR AWHILE!

HERE COMES
ZERO TROUBLE!

BAM

BAM

OH-OH...
THERE GOES
OUR RIGHT MOTOR—
LOOKS LIKE PARA-
CHUTE TIME FOR US!

BAIL OUT, MEN.
I'M GOING TO
AIM IT AT THOSE
STORAGE
TANKS!

NICE BABY!
SHE'S HEADING
STRAIGHT FOR
THEM!

THE AMERICAN
BOMBER MAKES
A DIRECT HIT.



THE REST
OF THE CREW
MUST HAVE
LANDED MILES
AWAY!



THIS IS NO
PEACE CONFERENCE
— SEE... —



YOU HOLD UP
ARMS, PLEASE!

AH!
MONKEY
TALK!



PARDON
MY BOOT,
HEEL!

UFF!



THEN...

OH! OH!
ZOO'S OUT!



THE ZOO INDEED. A
MOTLEY CREW OF
ARROGANT JAP
SOLDIERS RUSH UP
YELLING WILDLY...

YANKEE
PIG!

DISHONORABLE
DOG!



GRABBING UP THE RIFLE,
DROPPED BY HIS FIRST
OPPONENT, BLUE BOLT
TAKES A STAND.

COME AND
GET IT, YOU
BANDY
LEGGED
BANDITS!



BUT ONE OF
THE YELLOW MEN
JUMPS UPON
BLUE BOLT'S
BACK...

I USE
JU-JITSU!

HEY! NO
HITCH-HIKERS
ALLOWED!



AS BLUE BOLT TURNS TO RUN,
HIS FOOT SNAGS A ROOT.

OOPS!



THE JAPS POUNCE UPON HIM.

HOLD HIM
DOWN!



BLUE BOLT IS OVER-
COME FINALLY.

YOU COME
WITH ME,
PLEASE!

LEAD ON,
PICKLE-PUSS!
LET'S GET
THIS JAM
SESSION
OVER
WITH!



AND LATER, AT JAP GENERAL HEADQUARTERS...



IT'S A BEAUTIFUL PLACE, JUST FILLED WITH BOMBERS WAITING TO BLAST JAPAN. FIND OUT IF YOU CAN!

FLIER MAKES DISHONORABLE JOKE. SHANG-RI-LA IS PLACE IN BOOK OF FICTION. I HAVE READ SAME.



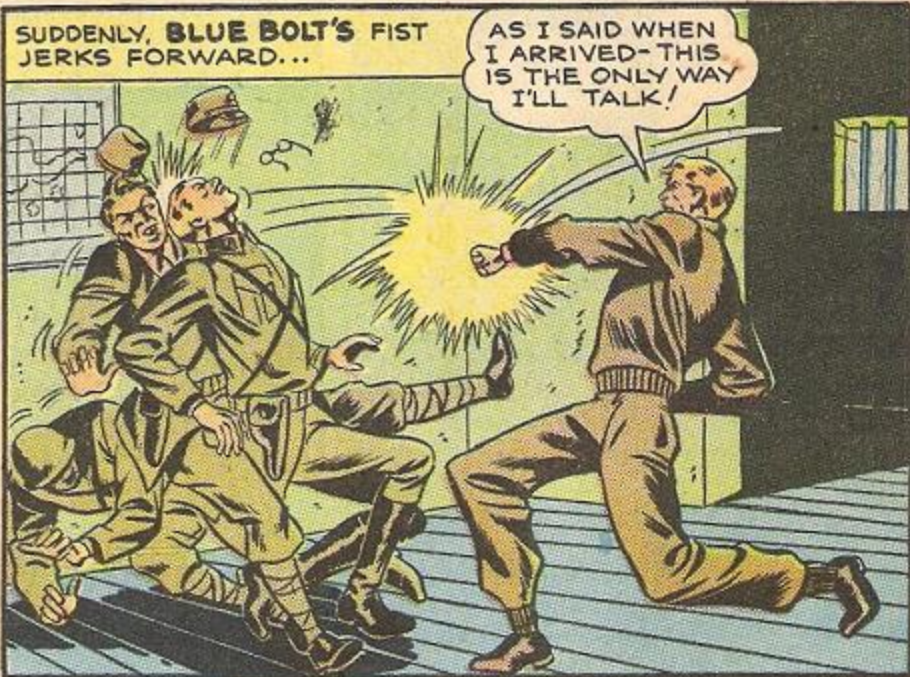
IT WOULD BE WISE FOR FOOLISH AVIATOR TO TALK!

OW!



SUDDENLY, BLUE BOLT'S FIST JERKS FORWARD...

AS I SAID WHEN I ARRIVED- THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I'LL TALK!



DASHING THROUGH THE DOOR...

ANOTHER ONE!



BUT...

QUIET, BLUE BOLT! COME THROUGH THIS DOOR!

WHAT? HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME? WHO ARE YOU?





I'M SERGE BORIN, A RUSSIAN COUNTER-SPY. IN SIBERIA, WHERE I COME FROM, MOST OF US LOOK LIKE JAPS. I HAVE ORDERS FROM MY GOVERNMENT TO GET YOU OUT OF JAPAN!

SOME SERVICE!



QUICK! THERE ARE CIVILIAN CLOTHES IN THE MOTORCYCLE!

YEAH! WE WON'T GET FAR WITH ME IN THIS OUTFIT!



READY!

GOOD! JUMP IN!



THEN...

LET'S GO, BORIN!

STOP THEM! SHOOT THEM! IF YOU FAIL, I'LL HAVE YOU ALL EXECUTED!



HAH! KEEP 'EM FLYING!

THE JAPS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE ROARING MOTORCYCLE.

YIII!

YAAA!



BAH! RADIO THE MILITARY POLICE AT ONCE!



THE SHORT WAVE SENDS FORTH A MESSAGE OF DEATH FOR BLUE BOLT.

ALL MILITARY PATROLS BE ON WATCH, MILITARY MOTORCYCLE WITH AN AMERICAN PASSENGER. SHOOT ON SIGHT!





SOMETHING
WRONG, CORPORAL?

BANZAI, HONORABLE
LIEUTENANT, WE
SEARCH FOR AN
AMERICAN AVIATOR
ON A MOTORCYCLE!

THIS PERSON
HOPES YOU
WILL CAPTURE
SAME...

WE SHALL!
PASS,
LIEUTENANT!

AS THE TRUCK PASSES
THE SENTRY...

GUESS I
CAN CLIMB
IN FRONT
NOW.

?? IT
IS THE
AMERICAN!

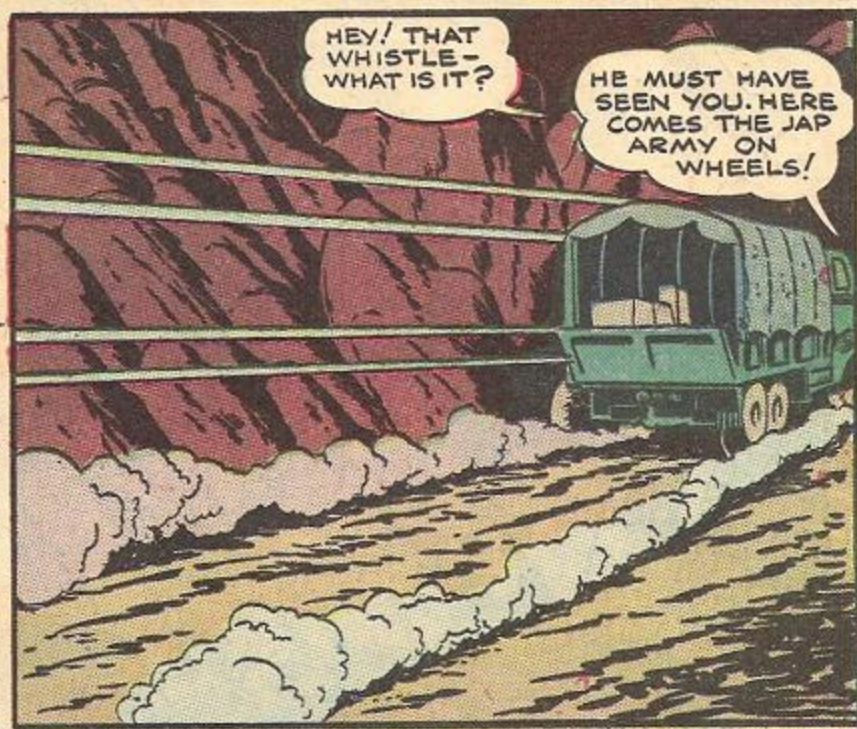
YES, BUT
WE MUST BE
EXCEEDINGLY
CAREFUL!



AFTER THEM!
THE AMERICAN
IS IN THAT TRUCK!

YESS!
WE GET
HIM!

TWEET



HEY! THAT
WHISTLE-
WHAT IS IT?

HE MUST HAVE
SEEN YOU. HERE
COMES THE JAP
ARMY ON
WHEELS!



SAY! WHAT ARE
YOU GOING IN
BACK FOR?

WAIT'LL YOU
SEE WHAT'S
IN THIS TRUCK!



HAND
GRENADES!

A BOX-FULL
OF THEM!
NICE, EH?

SLOW DOWN, BORIN,
AND GIVE THEM A
CHANCE TO CATCH
UP TO US... THESE
BABIES ARE TIMED
TO GO OFF IN TEN
SECONDS!

SO, IF I
DROP THEM AT
TWO SECONDS
INTERVALS...

AND ABOUT EIGHT FEET
APART, WE SHOULD HAVE
SOME BLOWOUT!

PERFECT TIMING... SECONDS AFTER, THE JAPS
ARE BLOWN SKY HIGH!

BOOM

BOOM

BOOM

WOW! HEAR
THAT SYMPHONY?

THE
SWEETEST
MUSIC EVER
PLAYED!

BORIN SOON DRAWS UP AT A SMALL
FARM...

HERE
WE ARE!

A BARN?
WHAT'S THE
IDEA?

INSIDE...

A PLANE!

YES...ONE OF
THE FEW THINGS
THE JAPS DON'T
KNOW ABOUT.
THERE ARE NO
MARKINGS
WHATSOEVER
ON IT... WHICH
WILL SERVE
TO CONFUSE
THEM MORE!

THE TWO MEN HASTILY WHEEL
THE PLANE OUT AND TAKE OFF...
BLUE BOLT AT THE CONTROLS.

WHERE
TO?

VLADIVOSTOK, RUSSIA.
ONCE THERE YOU WILL
BE 'INTERNEED' BY THE
RUSSIAN AUTHORITIES.
THEY KNOW WE
ARE COMING!

FAR BELOW THEM, AT A JAP LISTENING POST...

UNIDENTIFIED AIRCRAFT APPROACHING. ATTENTION INTERCEPTOR SQUADRON J. ATTENTION!

HERE COME THE ZEROS!

CHECK YOUR GUNS, BLUE BOLT... WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT OUR WAY THROUGH!

GUNS CHATTER AND ANOTHER Foe OF DEMOCRACY GOES HURLING DOWN.

YOU GOT HIM!

CHECK!

THE SPEEDY ESCAPE PLANE PULLS AHEAD OF THE JAP PURSUERS.

WE'D BETTER HEAD OUT...WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO OUT-DISTANCE THOSE ZEROS!

OKAY-HERE WE GO INTO THE LEAD...

INTO THE HOME STRETCH! HEY OUR PALS ARE LEAVING US!

YES, THEY HAVE TO. WE ARE OVER RUSSIAN TERRITORIAL WATERS NOW. THEY CAN'T AFFORD TO ANTAGONIZE RUSSIA WITH ANOTHER INCIDENT!

LATER... AT AN AIRPORT NEAR THE CITY OF VLADIVOSTOCK

FROM SHANG-RI-LA TO RUSSIA IN ONE JUMP- WHAT A JAUNT!

YOUR ESCAPE WAS UNDER MILITARY LAW; WE SHOULD INTERNE YOU BUT SINCE YOU COME IN CIVILIAN ATTIRE, THAT IS UNNECESSARY. IN VIEW OF ALL (ER) THE TROUBLE TAKEN TO GET YOU OUT OF JAPAN, HOW WOULD YOU FEEL ABOUT SERVING IN THE RUSSIAN AIR FORCE? YOUR GOVERNMENT HAS ALREADY GIVEN IT'S PERMISSION...

MAJOR, YOU'RE AN ACE- LEAD ME TO MY PLANE!

KRISKO and JASPER

O-YEH! YOU AND YOUR CRIPPLED BRAIN GIVE ME A PAIN IN TH' PUSS! ALWAYS AGITTIN' IDEAS! ANYWAY, WE IS TWO MAN SUBMARINERS AND OUR SEA-GOIN' BATTLE WAGON WON'T RUN ON LAND.

I'LL SWEAR THIS IS TH' FIGHTIN'EST WAR THAT EVER WAS... AND WE AIN'T DOIN' MUCH IN IT... THEM MARINES AND LAND-GOIN' BATTLE-WAGONS IS AGITTIN' ALL TH' FUN--M-M-- I THINK I'VE GOT ME A IDEA!

LISTEN TO CHOW-TABLE MUSCLES DISHIN' TH' BILGE.-- PHOOEY!

JACK A. WARREN

COME ON, CREW- I'LL SHOW YOU SOME GOOD HUNTIN'

I KNOW I'M NOT A GOIN TO LIKE THIS- NOHOW!

THE BLUE BOLT

SHOVE EM RIGHT UNDER THERE -- I'LL HOLD TH' BOAT UP!

THIS BETTER BE GOOD!

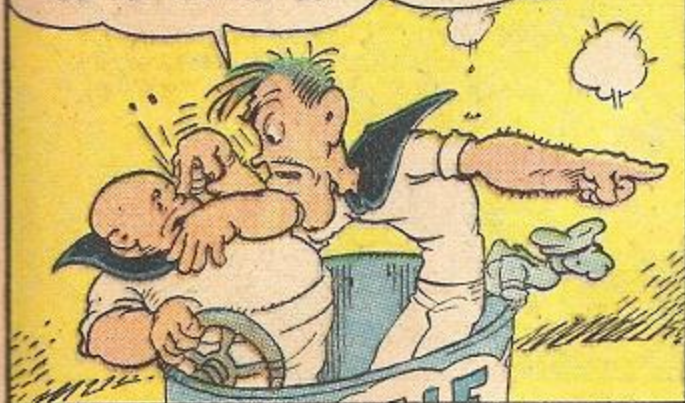
HOW'S THIS FOR RIDIN' HIGH WIDE AND HAN-SOME?

HO, SAILOR- I SEE LAND!

IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE THERE IS A WAR GOIN' ON-- OVER THERE- I'M DRIVIN THAT WAY!

AN' WHAD'YA THINK IS GOIN ON OVER HERE, YOU LUNKHEAD!

WE GO MY WAY- OR I'M GONNA THROW YOU TO TH' NIPS!



A WELL PLACED SHOT ENDS WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A SERIOUS QUARREL.

WHY- THEM LOW DOWN VARMINTS SHOT A HOLE IN OUR BATTLE WAGON!!



JASPER- YOU GO BELOW AND GIT TH SHOOTIN' HARDWARE INTO ACTION.

DERN NIPS! -I'M A GOIN' TEACH 'EN BETTER'N THAT!



JASPER GOES BELOW.

HEY KRISKO - WHATA WE GONNA USE FOR BULLETS? WE AIN'T GOT ANY!



JUST THEN AN ALLIED FLASH COMES IN OVER THE RADIO.

WE ARE SURROUNDED AND OUTNUMBERED AND MUST FIGHT OUR WAY THROUGH. ALSO, THERE IS A STRANGE TANK IN OUR MIDST-- NAMED "BLUE BOLT" BLAST IT SKY-HIGH! THAT IS ALL---

GULP!



HEY, KRISKO, WE IS SOOROUNDED AN' ARE GONNA BE BLOW'D TO SMITHEREENS-- NO BODY LIKES US!

OOO-GOSH!



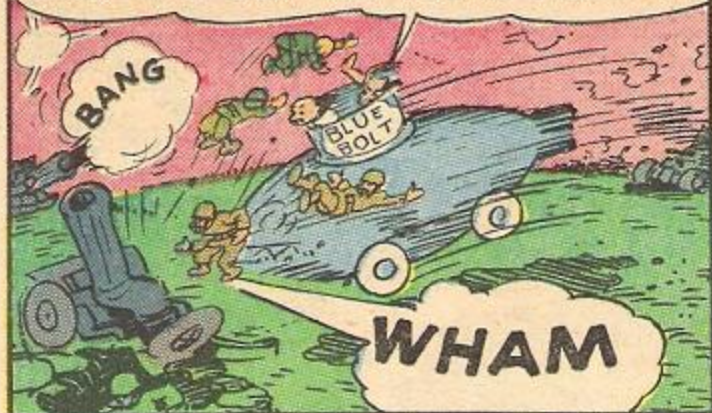
THEY HIT A LAND MINE.



LOOK, YOU LUNKHEAD, YOU'VE STEERED THIS OLD BATTLE WAGON RIGHT SMACK-DAB INTO A NIP GUN NEST--WE'RE HEADIN' FOR TROUBLE, I TELL YA!



TURN'ER 'ROUND! GO BACK! I DON'T LIKE THE COMPANY YOU'RE PICKIN' UP!



MORE JAPS SWARM INTO THE "BLUE BOLT"! LOOKS LIKE **ALL IS OVER** FOR KRISKO AND JASPER.

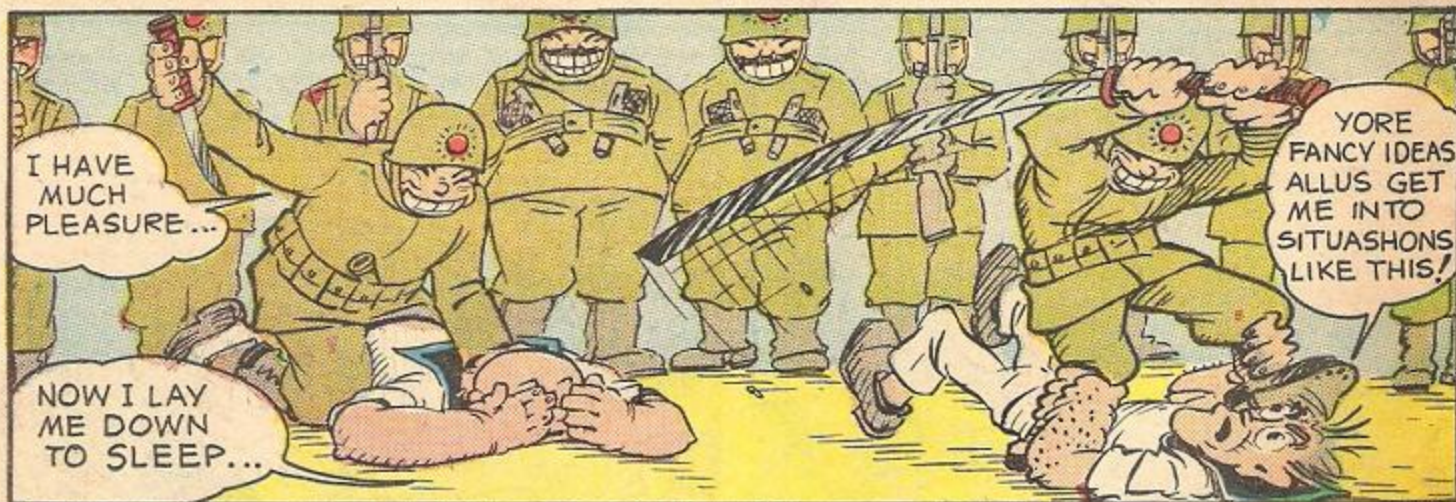


THE NIPS TRIP DOWN THE HATCH...



YOU DIE DISHONORABLE DEATH. SO SORRY.

HEY! NIX ON THAT STUFF!



---SUDDENLY, A LUCKY SHOT.... TEARS THROUGH THE "BLUE BOLT".



AS FOR THE REST OF YOU YALLER VARMINTS!



GO TOP SIDE AND GIT
THIS CRATE MOVIN'.
I'VE GOTTA MAD ON
NOW AND I WANNA
FIGHT!

ME
TOO!

OPEN TH' TORPEDO
TUBES!! I'LL
UNTANGLE US
PRONTO!

AYE,
AYE,
SIR!

THE ENEMY ARE SURPRISED WHEN THEY
SEE THE "BLUE BOLT" COMING AT THEM!

(TRANSLATED)
RUN! A NEW
SECRET WEAPON
DESCENDS UPON
US!

ALL IS GOING WELL. --- WELL, EXCEPT IN
THE COMMANDING OFFICER'S TANK.

WHAT TH'! WHERE DID THAT MONSTROSITY
COME FROM. IT DOESN'T BELONG IN MY OUT-
FIT... MUST BE ONE OF OUR ALLIES!

THE
BLUE
BOLT

HUMPH, - BARB-WIRE!
YOU'VE SURE DROVE
US INTO TH' MIDDLE
OF A TICKLISH
MESS!

— JASPER REACHES THROUGH THE
TORPEDO HATCHES AND CUTS THE BARBED-WIRE.

SNIP

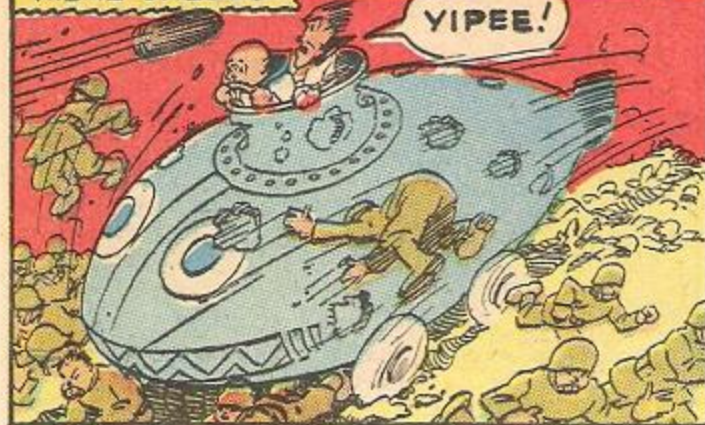
YIPEE "RIDE-EM COWBOY" -
WISH WE HAD US SOME
GOOD OLD SHOOTIN' BULLETS!

BUT THE COMMANDING OFFICER IS NOT
THE ONLY ONE WITH HIS EYES ON THE
"BLUE BOLT" - THE ENEMY IS AIMING ALL
FIRE POWER IN IT'S DIRECTION!

BOOM

OUR TWO HEROES ARE NOT TO BE SCARED BY MERE SHELLS.

YIPPEE!



I FEEL A DRAFT, DOG-GONE THEM LOW-DOWN VARMINTS! I'M GOIN' BELOW AND IN JUST ONE MINUTE SHARP, YOU FIRE TH' TORPEDO TUBES-



HEY, KRISKO, GIT READY TO FIRE!

GIT IN THAT TORPEDO TUBE! "DO YOU WANNA LIVE FOREVER"?



THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE CHARGING TANKS?

THERE'S A GUN NEST OVER THERE THAT IS CAUSING A LOT OF DAMAGE! IT'S GOTTA BE PUT OUT... THERE GOES THAT MONSTROSITY AGAIN!



AND, THE TORPEDO TUBES OF THE "BLUE BOLT"...

YOU MAY FIRE WHEN READY GENERAL KRISKO!



JASPER SAID FOR ME TO FIRE THE TORPEDO TUBES IN ONE MINUTE! ...WELL... HERE GOES!

TICK TOCK

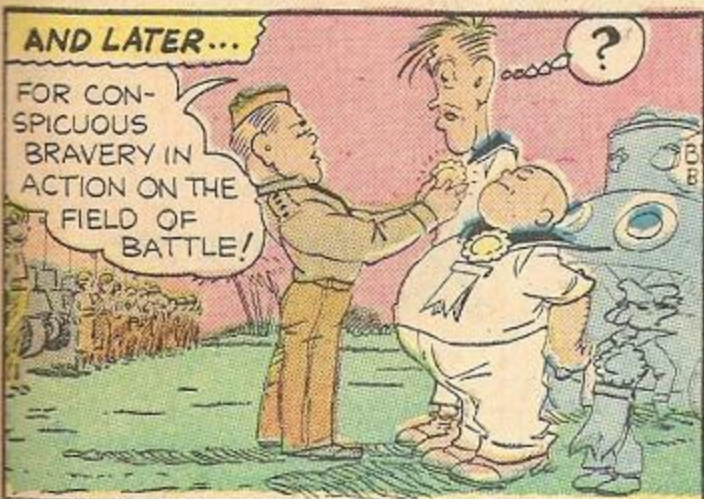
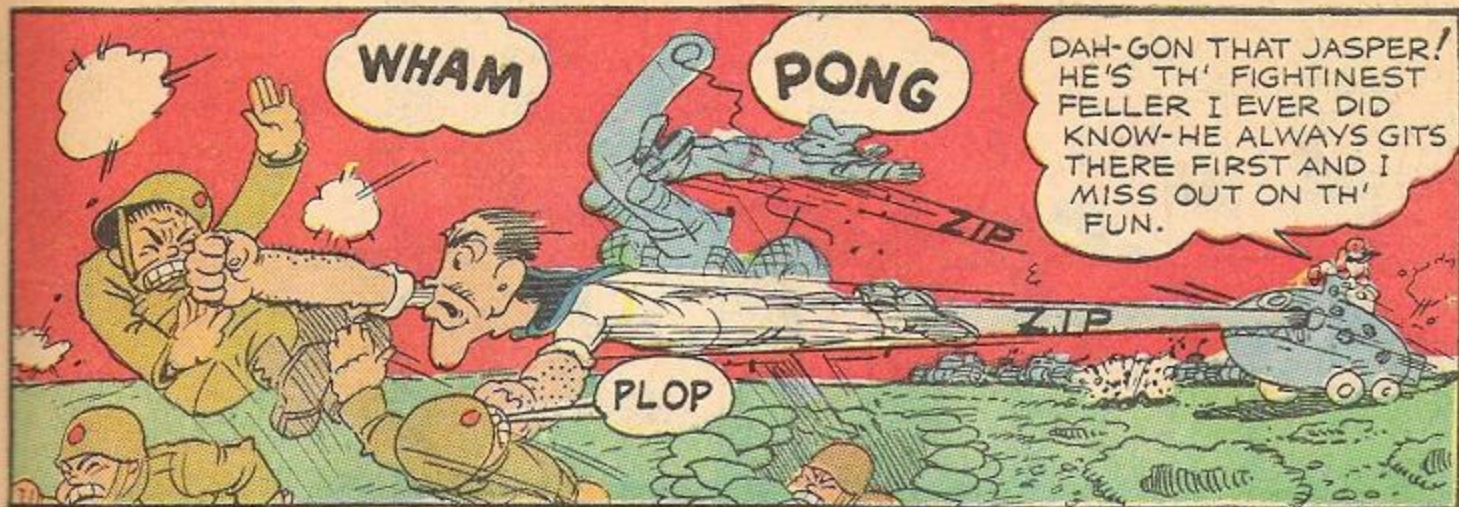
TORPEDO FIRE CONTROL



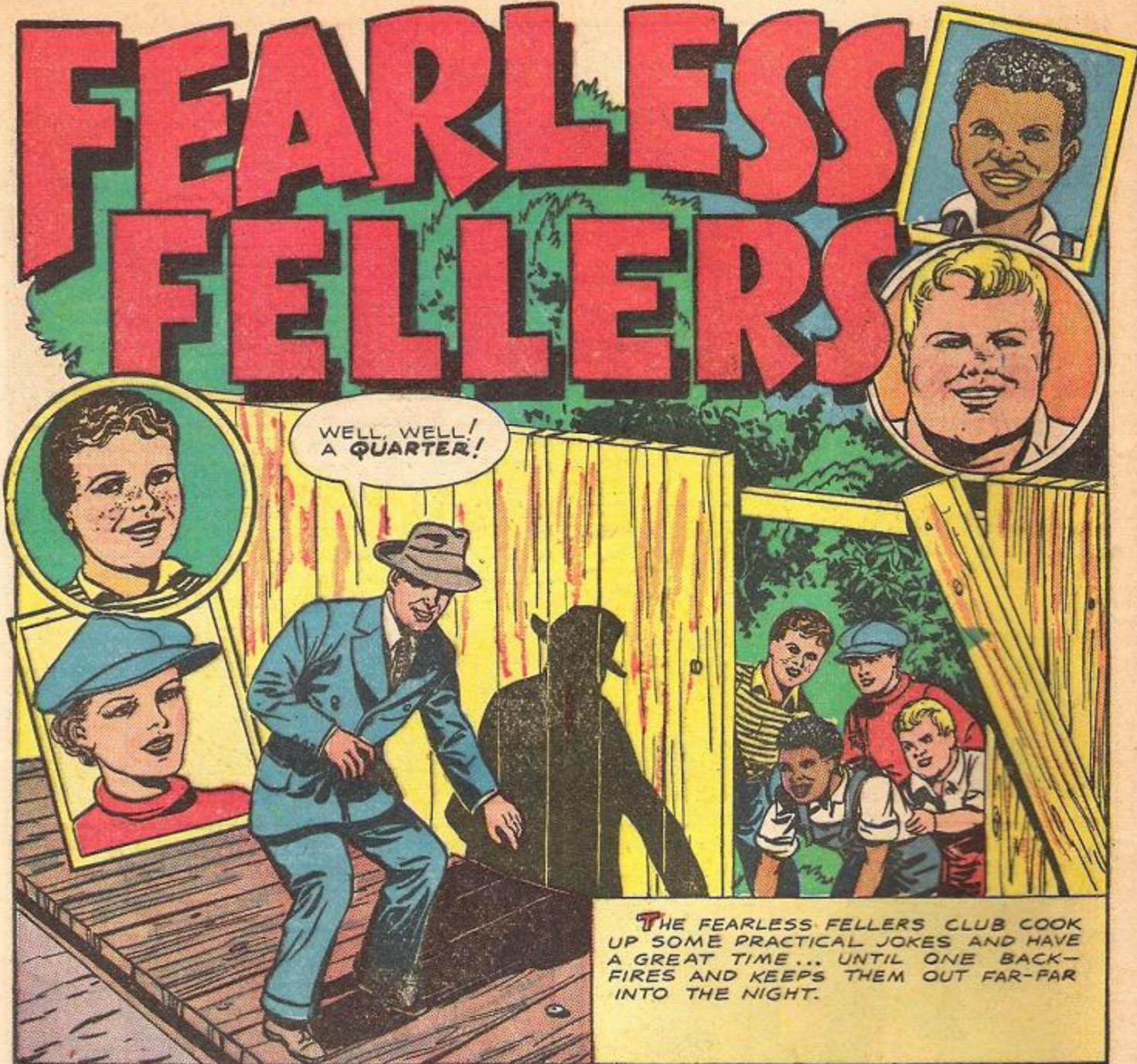
CLEAR TH' WAY- HERE I COME! TH' FIRST TANK-SHOOT-IST EVER BORN'D!



1 (TRANSLATED) -
1 ENEMY SENDING
TANKCHUTISTS!
4 ISS BAD!



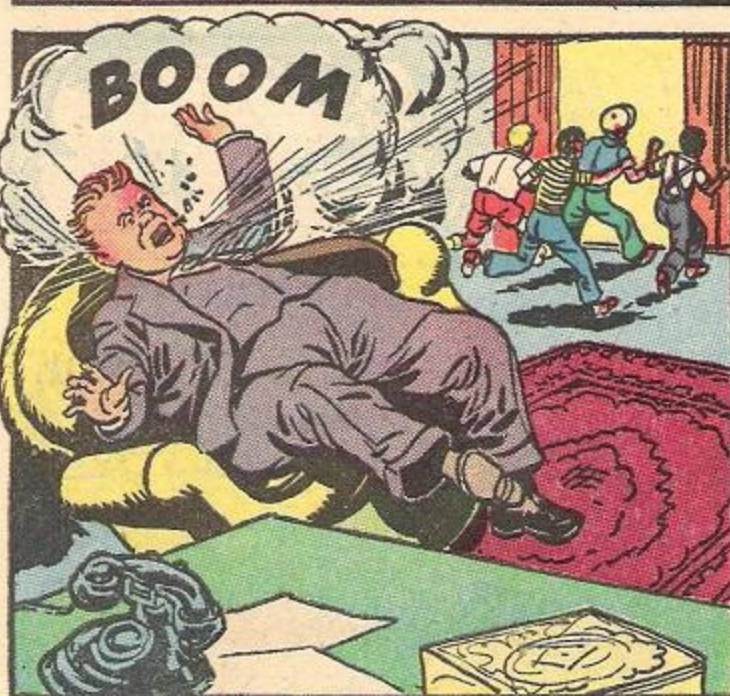
FEARLESS FELLERS



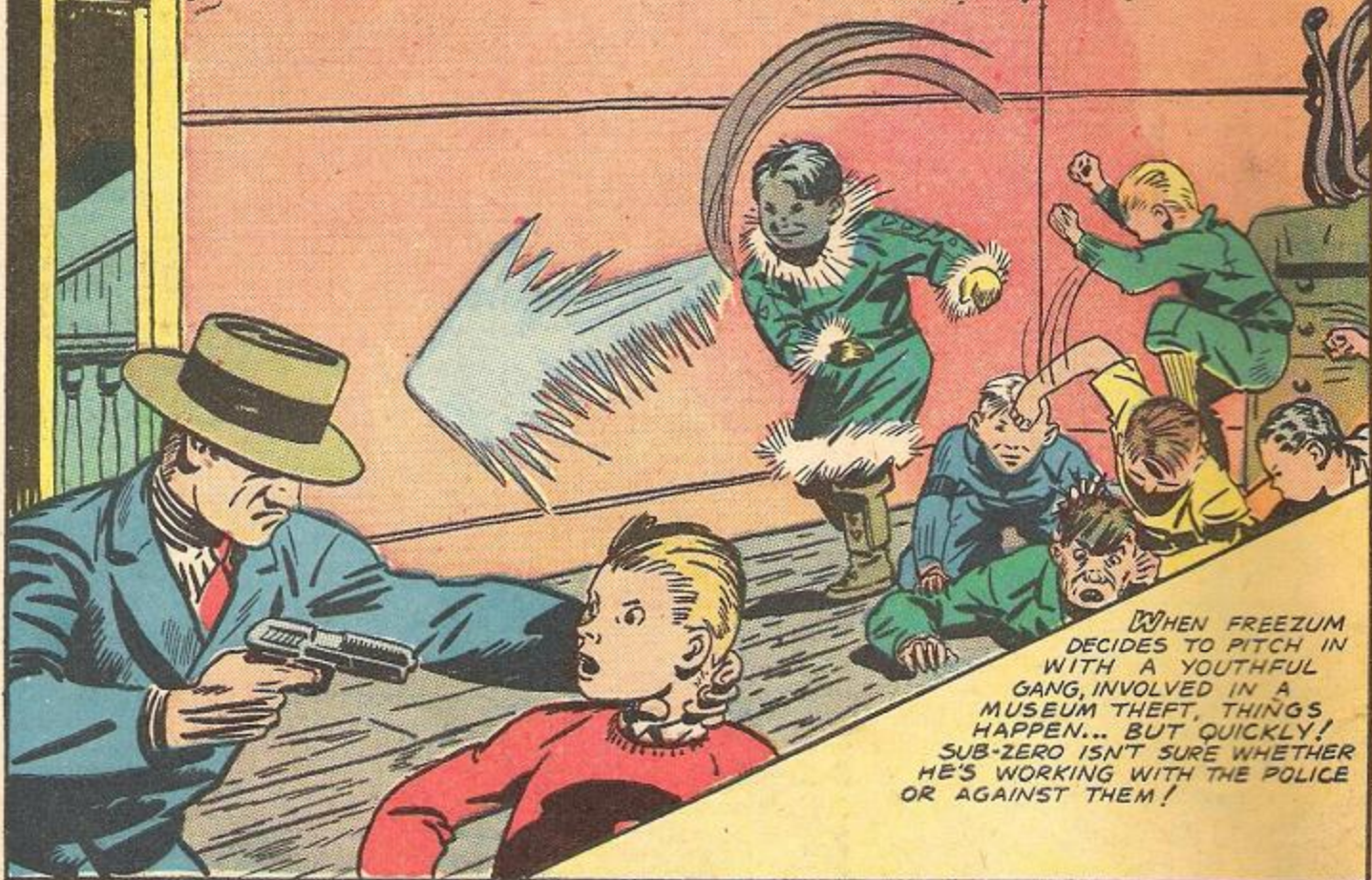








SUB-ZERO



WHEN FREEZUM DECIDES TO PITCH IN WITH A YOUTHFUL GANG, INVOLVED IN A MUSEUM THEFT, THINGS HAPPEN... BUT QUICKLY! SUB-ZERO ISN'T SURE WHETHER HE'S WORKING WITH THE POLICE OR AGAINST THEM!



THAT ROUNDS UP THOSE TRAMPS!

HAH! NOW THEY LIVE IN CLOSE QUARTERS.



ALL RIGHT, FREEZUM... SUPPOSE YOU LET ME IN ON WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

OH, I WAS COMING OUT OF SCHOOL WHEN I SAW UM...







IT'S BEEN PRETTY BAD
HAVIN' THEM BOSS US AROUND!
IF WE OPEN OUR TRAPS,
THEY SLAM US!



WELL, I GOTTUM
PLAN! LISTEN...

SWELL!... IF
IT WORKS!



MEN LIVEUM IN ROOMING
HOUSE AT 4 EAST
TEN STREET?

OKAY, TINY!
FIRST I MAKUM
PHONE CALL.

YEAH! WE'LL
SHOW YA!



HELLO, SUB-ZERO,
THIS IS FREEZUM!

SLITHERING ICE
CUBES! WHERE ARE
YOU? YOU'VE GOT
EVERY COP IN THE
CITY LOOKING FOR
YOU-DID YOU ROB
THOSE COINS?



NO! EXPLAINUM
LATER... YOU
MEETUM ME
WITH POLICE
AT 4 EAST
TEN STREET-
HURRY UP!

HEY!
4 EAST
TENTH STREET?
OKAY-I'M
ON MY WAY!

WHO'D
YOU
CALL?

FRIEND OF
MINE, NOW,
WE FINDUM
HEELS AND
GIVEUM HOT
FOOT!



AFTER DARK...

THAT'S THE
HOUSE! THEY'RE
IN APARTMENT
NINE... NO
LIGHTS ON,
MUST BE
IN BED.

GOOD! REMEMBER
WHAT I TOLD
YOU. LETUM US
GO!



THE BOYS CREEP QUIETLY UP THE LONG FLIGHT OF STAIRS.

THERE IS NUMBER NINE / HOPE ZERO GETTUM HERE IN TIME!



FREEZUM KNOCKS BOLDLY AT THE DOOR.

WHAT D'YA WANT?

IS TELEGRAM BOY!



WELL?

OKAY, FELLAS! DO YOUR STUFF!



PARDON ME DUKES, YOU BUM!

DON'T GIVEUM CHANCE TO GETTUM UP!

GANGWAY FOR DE MOB!



WHY, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSIN' LITTLE WOIMS! I'LL PIN YER EARS BACK!

OH-OH! HE'S GOT A ROD!



DON'T GET SUCH FUNNY IDEAS, LAME BRAIN!

OWOO! MY EYES!



BUT, STUDS LONIGAN GETS THE UPPER HAND ON HIS JUNIOR ASSAILANTS.

OUTTA MY WAY, PUNK!

YEOW!

I'LL BET THESE BRATS HAVE CALLED THE POLICE! I'M GETTIN' OUT!

BUT

SOCKUM LITTLE KIDS, WILL YOU!

YOW!

LEMME AT HIM! I'LL BRAIN HIM. SO HELP ME!

NO! HELPUM OTHERS CATCHUM CREEPY FELLOW... I TAKE CARE OF STUDS!

HIM TRY TO MAKE GETTUM WAY, EH?

SO! THE BRAT'S FOLLOWIN' ME. EH?

HE GO INTO STREET! HOPEUM SUB-ZERO COME FAST!

FREEZUM RACES DOWN THE STAIRS ON THE HEELS OF THE FLEEING GANGSTER.

OKAY, BRAT!
YOU'VE CHASED
ME FAR ENOUGH!

UGH! LOOKUM' LIKE
TIME FREEZUM SAY
PRAYER!

BUT—

YEOW!

RIGHT ON
SCHEDULE!

YEAH!
NOW,
WHERE'S
THE KID?

FREEZUM,
WHAT DOES
ALL THIS
MEAN?

HERE COME
RESTUM BOYS...
THEY TELLUM
YOU EVERYTHING!

ON YOUR
FEET,
LUG!

OH HH!

WELL, WHO
ARE THESE
KIDS? JUNIOR
COMMANDOS?

NOPE!
BUT ARE
SWELL
BUNCH!

HEY, FREEZE!
WE GOT THE
LOOT!

TINY RELATES THE ENTIRE
STORY TO THE POLICE AND
SUB-ZERO.

...NAW, FREEZE
DIDN'T HAVE
NOTHING TO DO
WITH THE ROB-
BERY. WHY IF IT
WASN'T FOR HIM,
WE'D STILL BE
TAKIN' ORDERS
FROM THOSE
LUGS!

SO, CREEPY
AND STUDBS
TERRORIZED
YOU KIDS INTO
CRIME, EH?

GEE! IT'S
SWELL TO SEE
THOSE BIRDS
HEADIN' FOR
THE CLINK!

WAS A LOTTUM
FUN, ZERO—
HAVE GOODUM
FIGHT!

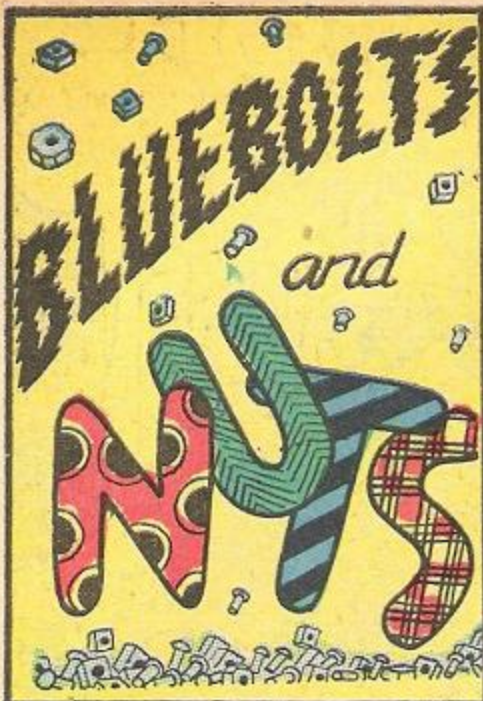
LATER

YOU REALLY
HAD ME
WORRIED,
KID!

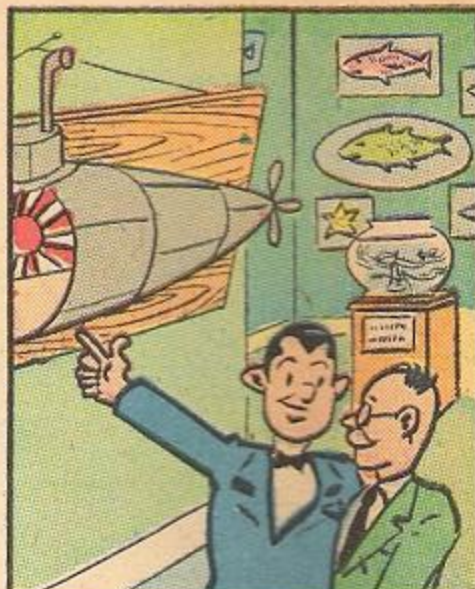
ME WORRIED
TOO! ME
SCARED YOU
NOT SHOWUM
UP IN TIME!

SUB ZERO WILL SHOW UP
AGAIN — IN TIME FOR
THE NEXT ISSUE OF
BLUE BOLT COMICS.

Buy WAR BONDS
& STAMPS



"IT'S NO GOOD!... WE'VE BEEN LOSING MONEY EVER SINCE HE GREW THAT MOUSTACHE!"



"I CAUGHT THIS ONE OFF CATALINA... 20 FEET LONG, 983 POUNDS! BEAUTY, EH?"



"SORRY... WE NEED ALL THE BRASS WE CAN GET!"



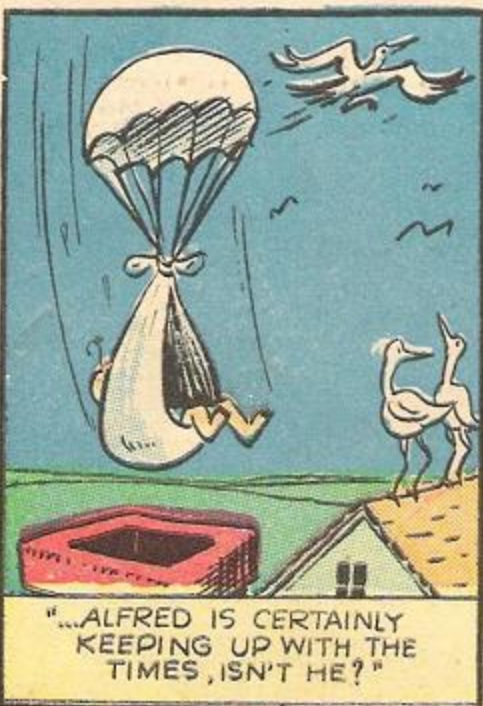
... A MAN TAKING A TURKISH BATH!



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2228 N. Richmond St., Chicago



"...AW, COME ON! ... WE CAN SETTLE THAT ARGUMENT LATER!"



"...ALFRED IS CERTAINLY KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES, ISN'T HE?"



"HE'S BEEN TALKING LIKE THAT EVER SINCE HE HAD THAT ACCIDENT AT CAMP DIX!"



"YEAH! HE SAYS IT'S THE BEST HE CAN DO WITH THE PAPER SHORTAGE AND NO TYPEWRITER!"

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By Eugene L. Pollock

THE GRAVES OF COLUMBUS

For many years the Spaniards and the Santo Domingans, citizens of the West Indian Dominican Republic, have quarreled over the whereabouts of the remains of Christopher Columbus, discoverer of the New World.

Columbus died believing he had discovered the Indies and his will ordered his body buried in Santo Domingo, an outpost of the "Indian Empire." But it wasn't until 1537 that the wishes were granted. The bodies of Columbus and his son Diego were taken from a Spanish monastery and shipped by boat to Santo Domingo, where they were placed in the crypt of the great cathedral.



Map of Santo Domingo

There they remained undisturbed until 1655, when a British fleet threatened to capture the island. The Archbishop of Santo Domingo feared that the British would take away the bodies of Columbus and his son if they captured the Spanish possession. He ordered workmen to pile huge mounds of earth into the cellar of the cathedral so that everything would be covered up and hidden from the eyes of the invaders.



Cathedral of Santo Domingo

For one hundred and forty years the coffins lay under the church floor. Then, by treaty, the Spaniards gave the island to France, reserving the right to remove the body of Columbus to Havana, Cuba. After many days of labor a coffin was dug out of the hard-packed earth with markings upon it that were almost worn off. The Dominican priests testified that this contained the last remains of Christopher Columbus. The relic was taken to Cuba and reburied in the Columbus Cathedral.

After the French had taken complete charge of the island the Santo Domingans claimed that they had misled the commissioners and that the bones taken to Havana were those of Diego, the son of Christopher Columbus.

In 1877, during repairs on the Cathedral of Santo Domingo, workmen discovered a coffin containing the bones of Luis, a grandson of Columbus. Alongside was the empty grave from which the Spaniards had removed the remains taken to Havana. After further work they found a third and larger vault which the Dominicans identified, from documents found in the files of the church, as the real resting place of Christopher Columbus.

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J
A
R
C
H
U
T
E

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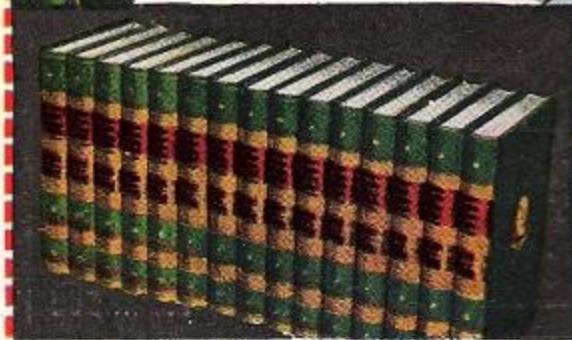
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